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Original Poetry.

TO E. E. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY ORLANDO GEORGE.

Yes, now, when all too late, you find
One *loving* heart is worth
The *kindness* of the world combined—
The *friendship* of the earth;
And frowns, like cloudlets o'er the sun,
Sweep o'er that haughty brow;
But all in vain, fair, fickle one—
I do not love thee now!

No! since I broke thy galling chain,
In love's most tender tone,
A thousand ears have heard the strain
Once breathed to thee alone;
For when that studied charm was o'er
I made a solemn vow
To court thy siren smiles no more—
I do not love thee now!

On all who praised, nor were they few,
Those smiles ere while were poured,
But frowns on me when well you knew
How madly I adored;
My heart, though scathed and sere, is free,
And ne'er again can bow
So low as once it bowed to thee—
I do not love thee now!

And busy rumor, too, reveals
Thy boast in former days—
"How lowly my poor lover kneels!—
How fervently he prays!"
'Tis true! ah, yes, I worshipped thee,
Too lowly, I allow;
But never breathe that boast again—
I do not love thee now!

I read, when that proud lip would curl,
The thoughts you could not hide;
You loved—and yet, base minded girl,
Would make me feed your pride;
But now my freedom is regained—
Thy heart will tell thee how,
And now I *feel* what you but *feigned*—
I do not love thee now!

The blow recoils, and well I know
That at this very hour,
Thou'dst gladly give thine all below,
For half thy former power,
But vain you use those winning arts,
None better know than thou—
A boundless waste divides our hearts—
I *cannot* love thee now!

Original Novel.

PAUL JONES.
A Story of the Sea.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY REEFER RINGBOLT.

"The star spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

CHAPTER III.
THE DINNER PARTY: LOVE.

In a whirl of bewildering emotions I strolled onwards until I found that I had unconsciously reached the city gates, where the challenge of the sentinel stopped me and I turned back. At this instant the clock struck, and, for the first time since I left his hotel, I remembered my engagement to dine with the ambassador. Hastening to my rooms I attired myself for the party, but often paused during my work to think of the events of the morning, which, I felt, might have an important influence on my fate. The image of Miss Harper as she looked when I parted from her continually rose up before me. My heart thrilled with new and delightful hopes. I saw that the gulf between us, which the preceding evening I had deemed impassable, and which in the morning I had regarded as one only to be overcome when I should have won honors and renown, had now dwindled to nothing. The path to the hand of her I loved seemed open before. In the sanguine bouyancy of youth all difficulties had vanished, for I deemed a father's gratitude would remove every obstacle from my way. The only thought that troubled me was respecting her own sentiments. Might not her affections be already engaged? Her parting look was scarcely compatible with this idea, but lovers are ever jealous, and I had soon worked myself up into a state of nervous fear on this point, which lasted until I reached the ambassador's.

The company at table consisted of the most distinguished men in France. More than one member of the Academy was present; as were also one or two high dignitaries, and several military men. My future commander was there, and appeared to be the lion of the day. The fame of his exploits on the American coast, especially his escape from the Solebay frigate, had got abroad, and, in a land where valor has always been worshipped above every other quality, he was naturally an object of interest. The conversation turned on philosophy, in which the latest discoveries were debated. The wonderful powers of electricity occasioned a discussion between Franklin and a leading member of the Academy, in which many curious experiments were detailed. The conversation then slid, by a natural inclination, into the subject of chemistry, and, to my surprise, I heard that the professors of this art were enabled to extract the materials for manufacturing gunpowder, out of substances which had hitherto been regarded as valueless, such as the bones of the dead and the refuse of the cellars of Paris.

"But this is not the most remarkable fact," said a distinguished chemist then present. "I have no doubt that gold itself may be manufactured, for this metal is, like everything else in nature, a compound of two or more simple elements, and if we can once discover these elements, together with the proportions in which they are united, we shall reach the great secret for which the alchymists toiled. But I doubt whether the discovery when made will ever be available for practical purposes, since the cost of producing the metal will probably exceed its value when made.* Nature in her great laboratory works without cost or labor: and, after all, it is only the scarcity of this metal, united with its density, which gave it, in the eyes of the old philosophers, such wonderful qualities."

"There is a little too much imagination in your theory," said Franklin, with an incredulous smile. "It is barely possible that gold, instead of being a simple body, as chemists now assert, may be a compound, though, for my part, I am inclined to doubt this. But even if it were a compound, there are a thousand chances to one that its elements and the proportions in which they are united will never be discovered. Recollect how many centuries the alchymists were engaged in pursuing this enquiry, and how signally they failed."

"True," replied his opponent, "but the identity of electricity and lightning has only been established in our age, though the effects of both have been known for centuries."

"By the bye," said another, "there are many wonderful things told of these alchymists, which we cannot disprove, but which we find it impossible to believe, as they are at variance with all that we know of nature. There was Dr. Dee who has left a record of conversations with spirits, well attested"——

"That was a veil to hide state secrets," said Franklin, "and the conversations you speak of were nothing but a medium of conveying to his mistress, Queen Elizabeth, facts which he dare not trust in any other guise. No one can doubt that while he travelled on the continent he was acting the spy."

"But there are other things equally extraordinary told of him. His proficiency in the mathematics, was remarkable, and he was enough of a chemist to be able to compound subtle poisons for the Earl of Leicester. The common people attributed to him the possession of the great secret of transmuting metals into gold."

"He was either an impostor or self-deluded," remarked Franklin. "But he had many really valuable qualities. What a pity Elizabeth did not adopt his suggestions, on the reform of the calendar!"

"Roger Bacon was another wonderful man, who passed for a magician. His discoveries, considering the age in which he lived, are truly astonishing."

The conversation was continued in the same strain for some time. But at length it assumed less of a philosophic cast and turned on politics. The company were all of the same way of thinking, and events were freely discussed which, in another assembly, would have been avoided.

"I fear there will be some difficulty in getting the Indien for you," said Franklin, turning to Paul Jones. "I saw the Minister of Marine this morning, and he says the English ambassador is disposed to take umbrage at the affair, and that it will be necessary to transfer the ship to his most Christian Majesty. I am very sorry—but I fear nothing can be done."

For an instant the countenance of Paul Jones expressed the deepest mortification, for he saw, in this unfortunate circumstance, all his hopes dashed at once. But his was a mind that never remained long disheartened. As soon as one scheme was overthrown, he began to plan another. The cloud, therefore, directly passed from his face, and he answered,

"Well, since Congress has thought me worthy of the trust, I can bear the disappointment with philosophy. I must look out for another ship, and if I fail there too, stick to the little Ranger."

"Bravo!" said one of the party; and the demeanor of the hero did more to exalt him in the opinion of the company than even his former daring deeds.

"By the bye," said Paul Jones, turning to me, "I had forgot to compliment you on the bravery and gallantry you showed this morning. If you always evince such presence of mind, you will soon rise to eminence in the profession you have chosen."

I blushed at these words from one so distinguished. The company saw my embarrassment, and with courteous consideration, instead of asking me for an explanation, turned to my superior, for, as yet, the account of the accident happening to Miss Harper had not got out. Paul Jones, in answer to the general query, detailed the circumstance in full, and ended by saying,

"I was myself a witness of the circumstance, though at a distance. There were, at least, a hundred people in the immediate vicinity, but the peril intimidated all except our young friend. I envy him his position with this beautiful girl."

Again I could not disguise my embarrassment, which was increased at the encomiums showered on my courage, as the company was pleased to call my conduct in the affair.

I remembered my appointment with Miss Harper, for I took her wish expressed when we parted in the light of a command, and was glad to steal away, which I was permitted to do, though nothing but my embarrassed feelings and the desire to see the object of my passion could have induced me to abridge, by a single moment, the pleasure I experienced in the conversation of these great men.

When I reached the splendid hotel of Mr. Harper I paused an instant before seeking admittance, for my heart throbbed violently, and my knees were so weak that I could scarcely stand. Summoning my courage, however, I advanced, knocked, and was ushered in. The blaze of lights and the magnificence almost bewildered me, but I felt reassured when I was shewn into a plain apartment, which bore evidences of being occupied by the family in their more domestic hours. A minute was not suffered to elapse before the door was opened, and the object of my love entered, leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman, whom I took rightly to be her father.

"This is the gentleman," she said, after a momentary pause of partial embarrassment, directing her father's attention to me, "who so nobly saved my life this morning at the peril of his own."

Taking my hand and pressing it warmly, her parent said with considerable emotion,

"I cannot find words, sir, duly to express my gratitude to you for this act. You have made me your servant for life—"

"Say not so, Mr. Harper," I interrupted. "Provided I have gained your friendship, I ask nothing more."

"It is won," said he. "The one who could risk his life for a stranger, as you have done, must possess all the qualities to make him worthy the friendship of even the greatest and best of men."

I will not further detail the conversation. The father was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and though the daughter sat silently by, there was that in her soft blue eyes, as they rested occasionally on me, which was more eloquent than words. At length Mr. Harper said,

"But come, Mary, let us have some music. I hope, Mr. Sidney," he said, turning to me, "that you have no engagement this evening, and can remain an hour or two with us." I nodded an assent. "Then let us adjourn to the music room. I will lead the way, and, Mary, you can follow with our friend."

I extended my hand to take hers. She looked down as she presented it, but her color was heightened, and when those fair taper fingers touched mine they trembled perceptibly. I would have given worlds if I could have said something at this juncture; but my tongue was sealed. What meant this emotion? Did she love me? I hoped, but dared not ask. Our mutual embarrassment increased, and it was well that Mr. Harper's back was turned, and that for a few minutes after we reached the room he was occupied in arranging the instrument, else he surely would have seen our demeanor.

"Do you sing?" said Mary, as she sat down to play, and these were the first words she had spoken since we left the other apartment.

I excused myself, but begged that she would favor me with a song. She immediately complied, and executed, in a rich full voice, whose low tones were exquisitely sweet, a difficult piece, then the rage in Paris. An opening had now been made for conversation, which soon flowed freely, both Mary and her father participating in it. I found her mind highly cultivated, indeed unusually so. She had read all the great masters of her native language, and was equally familiar with the literature of France. She spoke Italian fluently, in addition to her other accomplishments, and her soft voice never seemed more melodious than when uttering the liquid dialect of Tuscany, where she had resided, with her parent, for nearly two years. The conversation naturally turned on the wonders of art which crowned that time-hallowed land, and nothing, amid her many fascinations, charmed me so much as the delightful enthusiasm which she evinced in speaking of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the other mighty geniuses of the past. Her eye kindled, her cheek deepened its hue, her voice trembled with eager emotion, and the most imaginative ideas clothed in eloquent words flowed naturally and without effort from her tongue. If there is anything I love in woman it is enthusiasm. Give me a creature whose heart is all glowing with it, even though in her wild impulses she may often err, and not one of your cold, calculating beings who measure everything with exact circumspection, and who are incapable of any feeling, however generous, that is not sanctioned by a selfish prudence. All the best deeds that have been done on earth have sprung from enthusiastic bosoms. I always warm towards such; for I feel that the heart is still green, no matter how fiercely the storms of this world have swept over it. Oh! beautiful in woman is enthusiasm.

That evening will long live in my memory. I could scarcely believe that I was now sitting in familiar conversation beside her whose acquaintance I had deemed unattainable but twenty-four hours before. To see her eyes bent earnestly on me in conversation; to hear her breathing in the stillness of the pause; to mark the transient blush, the quick heaving bosom, the beautifully rounded arm with no rival by to share the interview—these things filled me with emotions such as I might in vain attempt to describe, but which every one who has been in love has experienced for himself.

"Come often," said Mr. Harper, when I rose to go, "and come without ceremony."

I looked to Mary. She said nothing, but there was a pleading look in her eyes which assured me that she echoed her father's wish, though maidenly reserve chained her tongue.

Every few days found me at Mr. Harper's; and the most unreserved intimacy soon prevailed between me and the family. The father treated me as if I had been a son, or, at least, some very near relative. Gradually he began to leave Mary and me alone, and oh! the bliss of the few short days that followed. Together we read some favorite author, or practised the latest duett, or sat silent, our hearts eloquent, though the tongue said nothing. I had never felt what happiness was until now. It was my first love, and God knows! there is nothing, in after life, to compare to that.

This state of things could not continue long without coming to a crisis. Paul Jones, after in vain trying to procure a larger ship, had determined to fit out his old vessel "THE RANGER," and cruize in her along the British coast. I accordingly received orders to join him.

The morning the despatch reached me I went to Mary's with a heavy heart. I found her alone in her boudoir. The instant she saw me, she perceived, with a woman's quick tact, that something had occurred.

"What is the matter, Sidney?" she exclaimed, with a tone of anxiety that made me long to clasp the dear girl in my arms, "surely nothing serious has happened."

In few and melancholy words I told her of my approaching departure, for though I longed more than ever for distinction since my acquaintance with Mary, yet now, when the moment came, my heart almost failed me, and my voice trembled with emotion. She burst into tears. Her feelings toward me were no longer to be concealed, even if I had hitherto doubted. By a sudden impulse I moved towards her, and took her hand reverently. But I trembled as violently as she did.

"Mary!" I said, speaking low and with great difficulty, "this cannot be helped. I must go. But I will soon return. And day and night, when absent, I will think only of you; for I love you with my whole soul."

She leaned her head on my shoulder and wept freely. I felt that I was beloved,—and the conviction filled my heart with a holy calm such as never before, and but once since, have I experienced. Moments like that rarely occur a second time in life.

CHAPTER IV.
THE CRUIZE OF THE RANGER.

It was the 10th of April, 1778, when we put to sea in the Ranger. She was frigate built, and carried eighteen sixes on her main deck; she had been pierced, in addition, for eight guns above, but her commander rejected this additional armament. Our crew was ample, and chiefly made up of old salts from Nantucket and the Bay, ready for any deed of daring, and at home nowhere but at sea.

We had been out four days when we took our first prize: a vessel bound to Ireland, laden with flaxseed. We now hauled our courses and stood towards St. George's channel. When off Dublin, a sail was made from the mast-head, and chase being given, we soon overtook her, and discovered her to be a ship from London. We now ran away for Whitehaven, it being our intention to make a descent on that place and burn the shipping collected there. We undertook this daring enterprise the more fearlessly because the skipper was familiar with every shoal and channel of the coast, having once sailed out of this harbor—and we needed no pilot, therefore, to direct us against our prey. On the evening of the sixth day out, accordingly we came in sight of [illegible] port.

Preparations were instantly made [illegible] the descent. The ship was kept on her co[illegible] until close in towards the harbor, the men [illegible]ed, ammunition served, and the boats about [illegible] launched, when all at once the wind, which had died away nearly to a calm, shifted and began blowing with violence directly on shore. The orders to embark were instantly countermanded, and the skipper, leaping into the mizzen rigging, gazed earnestly to windward.

It was now pitch dark. Close in before us lay the town, with the lights in the shipping glimmering along the water, and the radiance from the houses further back illuminating the horizon in that quarter with a thin white halo. Paul Jones first cast a hasty glance shoreward, and then turned toward the sea. Here everything was wrapped in obscurity. The heavens were dark with compact clouds, which hung close down over the water with a wild and threatening aspect. Not a star was visible, except one right overhead, which burned solitary and with intense brilliancy, amid the black darkness. The long regular heave of the ocean was beginning to ripple and comb; and flashes of foam continually whitened in the gloom astern, and as instantly vanished,—a sure sign that a tempest was brewing.

"Black as a wolf's mouth," said Paul Jones, leaping down from the mizzen rigging; and elevating his voice he thundered "call all hands to make sail."

The boatswain stepped to the hatchway, sounded his silver whistle, and sung out "all hands make sail, ahoy!" prolonging the intonation with a twang peculiar to that officer. Instantly the crew was alive; the topmen sprang to their places; and then came the order of the officer of the deck.

"Board the fore and main-tack. Sheet home fore and main topsail. All hands merrily!"

Sail was soon made on the ship, the skipper watching the proceedings with intense interest. When the ship came up to her course at first, the force of the wind was such as to bend her masts like whip-stalks, careening her far over; while, at that instant, striking a head sea full, she flung the water back over her bows and up almost to the foretop.

"She battles it well," said Paul Jones, "but she'll have need of all her strength before this blow is over, for the wind is not going to come in flaws, like a cat spits, but in a regular great gun and marlinspike gale. I've seen them often on this coast, and we shall have to give up our scheme for the present, and claw off the shore as fast as we can."

The prediction of the skipper proved correct. The wind increased until it blew almost a hurricane, speedily knocking up a heavy sea, through which our craft struggled with difficulty, often plunging bows under, and quivering threateningly in every timber before she recovered herself. Several times we thought her shrouds would part, or her spars be jerked out bodily, but everything held tight, and the sloop gallantly kept her course. As we were thus eating our way into the wind, we suddenly came upon a ship, which hitherto had been hidden in the darkness, going on the opposite tack. Happily we passed a few fathoms to starboard; but a sight more calculated to impress the mind I never saw; for rising up on the wave before us, her bowsprit and chains dripping with brine, she hung an instant impending overhead, and then shot down toward us with the velocity of the wind. For a second I held my breath and thought all was over: it seemed impossible that we should pass without coming into collision; but even as the cry of horror rose to our lips, she whirled by to starboard, and was soon lost to sight in the gloom.

We continued our course during the night, and the next day found ourselves still close in to the coast, but a considerable distance from Whitehaven. Disguising his ship as a merchantman, the skipper kept on, looking into the bays and roadsteads as he proceeded, and capturing several craft, most of which he sunk to prevent discovery. One cutter he chased into the Clyde, as high as the rock of Ailsa.

By this time we had been out ten days, nor had the wind materially abated since the night we made sail from Whitehaven. We were now off Carrickfergus, and perceiving a ship at anchor in the road, we made prisoners of the crew of a fishing boat that came alongside, from whom we learned that the vessel was the Drake, Captain Burden, of the Royal Navy, mounting twenty guns of the same metal as our own. The resolution of Paul Jones was instantly taken. He ordered the prisoners to be guarded, lest they should effect their escape and betray his presence on the coast: then he proceeded to unfold to us his plan.

As soon as night had come, we stood in towards the harbor. The wind was favorable and blew a stiff breeze, so we soon ran to our appointed station. The darkness was so great, however, that we could not perceive our foe, and we were forced to rely on our judgment. Our intention was to lay the enemy athwart hawse, grapple him, and then trust to our guns and the tried bravery of our crew; but when we came up, at what we thought the required point, the anchor hung; and we found ourselves, after reconnoitering, at least half a cable's length distant from the Drake, on her quarter. No sooner did the skipper discover this, than he saw the impossibility of success while he maintained his present position. Accordingly he ordered the cable to be cut: the ship's head was cast to windward, and we began to beat out to sea, nothing disheartened, but resolved to make a new attempt as soon as we could get room enough to wear.

The utmost silence up to this moment had prevailed on the part of the enemy. No gun had been fired, no rocket sent into the sky, not even a hail had come down demanding who and what we were. Now that the gloom had lifted a little, we could see the faint outline of the foe, but he slumbered silent and motionless on the water, rather resembling a shadowy vessel than a royal man-of-war. The wind was blowing fresh on shore, and, as we worked to windward, even the cheeping of our blocks must have been distinctly heard on board, but he still remained indifferent to our presence, apparently intimidated from engaging us by the boldness of our manœuvre. Gradually, as the distance increased between us, his form became more shadowy, until finally it vanished altogether in the obscurity.

The wind had now increased to a gale, and went whistling shrilly through the rigging; while the sloop labored heavily in the cross sea, now plunging ominously down into the trough, and now rising gallantly on the succeeding wave. Far and wide the indistinct outlines of the waves were lit up for an instant by the white comb that ran along the crests; while, as the seas sank away beneath us, the long trail made by the bows, glittered like molten silver. I looked up to the mast-head. To and fro, like a pendulum, it swung against the sky; while the mizzen gaff rose and fell like the end of a huge lever, rocking up and down. Every few moments the ship, encountering a heavier sea than usual, would thump sullenly against it, sending the foam crackling far aft while each joint and plank in her frame shook, and she trembled as in an ague fit. Then again she would ride the surges for awhile with comparative ease: again she would plunge into some gigantic sea, up which, like a panting man, she would struggle heavily; and again, with the green waters shooting below her, striped with long lines of frosted foam, she would ride nobly on her way. It was the scene off Whitehaven repeated.

"There is no use to attempt the fellow again to-night," said Paul Jones. "The devil appears to stand up for the enemy, for this is the second [illegible] we've been foiled by a gale. Keep her off there—we shall have to stand over to Scotland to get a lee."

When morning dawned, the first object that met my eye, on turning out, was the grey hills of Scotland, rising, in mist and shadow, ahead.

TO BE CONTINUED.

*Sir Humphrey Davy, at a later day, expressed the same opinion as to the possibility of manufacturing gold.

Selected Tales.

JOHNNY BROTHERTON'S Five Sunny Days.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

I have experienced many days both of sorrow and of sadness, in the course of my life and experience, (said old John Brotherton of Peebles;) but with me by-past sorrows were always like an old almanac—a book that I never opened. Yet weel do I remember the five sunniest days of my existence. They were days of brightness and of joy, without a spot to cloud them. They took place, also, at various periods of my existence. I no doubt have had, independent of them, many pleasant, warm, bonny days—days wherein I was both pleased and happy. But they passed away like any other fine days, and they werna remembered for a week. But very different from the like of these ordinary fine days, were those which I allude to as the five sunny days of my existence. They were days of pure, unadulterated, uncloyed, almost insupportable delight. They were days, the remembered sunshine of which will not set in my breast, until my life set in the grave. But I will give you an account of them.

The first occurred when I was about twenty years of age. It was a delightful evening in the month of September, on the second day in the month, and just about five minutes past six o'clock. I had just dropped work—for I was a souter, or, more appropriately, a cord-wainer—and had thrown off my apron and washed my face, and I was taking a saunter up off the Tweed side, on the road leading down to Innerleithen. I cannot say that I had any object in view, beyond just the healthful recreation of a walk in the fields, after the labors of the day. The sun seemed to be maybe about a dozen yards aboon the hill top; but there wasna a cloud in the whole sky, save ae wee bit yellow one, hardly broader than the brim of a Quaker's hat, that was keeking owre the hill, as if to keep the sun. Oh, it was a glorious evening! I dare say it was never equalled at the season of the year. I am sure the leaves, poor things, that were falling here and there from the trees and hedges, if they could have thought, would have been vexed to fall frae their branches, while all nature was basking in such sunniness.

I met several shearers wi' their hooks owre their arms, just as I was gaun out o' town, and I spoke to them, and they spoke to me; but some o' them nodded and laughed at me, and said: "She's coming Johnny."

"Wha's coming?" said I.

And they laughed again, and said: "Gang forward and see."

So I went forward, and sure enough, who should I see standing beside a yett, with her hook owre her shouther, and pricking the prickles of a day-nettle out of her hand, but bonny Kate Lowrie—not only the comeliest in the burgh of Peebles, but in all the wide country. I had long been desperately in love with Katie, but I had never ventured to say as meikle to her; though I was aware that she was conscious of the state of my feelings. We had often walked together on an evening, and I had gien her fairing, and the like of that, but I never could get the length of talking about love or marriage; and scores of times had her and me walked by the side of each other, for half an hour at a time, without either of us speaking a word, beyond saying: "Eh, but this is a fine night!" half a dozen times owre; so ye may guess that we were a bashful couple.

But on the night referred to, as I have said, I saw her standing at a yett, taking a thorn of some kind out of her hand; and I stepped forward and said to her, "What has got into your hand, Katie?"

"It's a jaggy frae a nettle, I think, John," said she.

"Let me try if I can take it out," said I.

She blushed, and the setting sun just streamed across her face. I'll declare I never saw a woman look so beautiful in my born days. Ye might have lighted a candle at my heart at the moment, I am certain. But I did get her bonny soft hand in mine; and as I held it, I am certain I would not have exchanged that hand to have held the sceptre of the king that sits upon the throne. I soon got out the prickles—but I was so overjoyed at having her hand in mine, that when they were out, I still held it in my left hand; while, whether it was by accident or how, I canna tell, but I slipped my right hand round her waist; and in this fashion we sauntered away. But instead of going straight to the town, we daundered away down to Tweedside.

Weel do I remember pressing her to my breast in more than mortal joy, and of saying to her: "Oh Katie, Katie, woman, will ye be mine!—will ye marry me, and mak me the happiest man that ever put his foot in a shoe on the face of this habitable globe!"

She hung her head, and, poor thing! her bosom heaved like a frighted bird's. But oh! what ecstacy it was to feel it's heaving! For a good hour did I stand pressing her breast to mine, and always saying; "Will ye, Katie! oh, will ye woman!"

At last, with great effort, and her very heart bursting with pure affection, she flung her arms owre my shouthers, and said: "I will, John!"

Oh! of all the words that ever a human being heard, nothing could match the music of those three words to me. It was sweeter than the harp of a fairy soughing over a moon-light sea, when the winds of heaven are sleeping.

"Oh, bless ye! bless ye!—forever bless ye!" cried I. "Katie, ye hae made me the happiest man in all Peebles, and I trust I shall make ye the happiest wife."

I absolutely danced wi' joy, and clapped my hands aboon my head. If ever there was a man intoxicated wi' joy, it was me that night; and I am certain that her joy was nothing less than mine, though she did not express it so extravagantly.

Neither the one nor the other of us heard the town clock chap nine. Three hours flew owre our heads as if they hadna been three minutes. I set her to her faither's door, and just as she was putting her hand upon the sneck—"Eh, John!" whispered she, "where can I have left my hook!"

"That's weel minded," said I; "I remember I took it off your shouther, an' put it owre the yett, when I was takin' the prickles out o' yer finger."

Ye may think of what baith of us had been thinking about, when neither of us missed the hook, or remembered leaving it till that moment. We went to seek it, with her arm through mine, (and close to my side I pressed it,) and there, accordingly, did we find the hook upon the yett where I had placed it.

She rather feared to gang into the house, on account of her being out so late, for her faither and mother were strict sort o' folk. Therefore, I volunteered to go in wi' her, and explain at once how matters stood. For bashful as I was before telling my mind to her, I had broken the ice now, and was bold as brass.

She hesitated for some time; but I urged the thing, and she consented, and into her father's house I went wi' her. I wasna long in making the auld man acquainted wi' the nature of my visit, and frankly asked him if he had any sort of objection to taking me for a son in law.

"I watna," said he, "but I dare say no. I dinna see ony reasonable objection that I ought to hae. What do ye say, Tibbie?" added he to his wife.

"Me!" exclaimed she; "what would ye hae me to say? Johnny is a decent lad and a guid tradesman; and if he likes Katie, and Katie likes him, I dinna see that you or I can do onything in the matter, but jus leave it to their twa sells."

"Weel, John," said her father to me, "as Tibbie says, I suppose it will just have to rest between yourselves. If ye are baith agreeable, we are agreeable."

I wonder I didna jump through the roof of the house. It almost deprived me of my specific gravity. Never since I was born had I experienced such sensations of ecstacy before.

Now, this was what I call my first real sunny day. It was a day of memorable joy—and joy, too, of a particular description, and which a man can feel but once in the course of his existence.

I can say without vanity, that I had always been a saving lad, and therefore, in the course of two or three weeks, I took a house, which I furnished very respectably. And my second sunny day, was that on which Katie and her father, and her mother, and a lass that was an intimate acquaintance of hers, came to my new house together—Katie never to leave it again—for the minister just came in after them. Oh! when I heard the minister pronounce us one, and gie us his benediction as man and wife—and above all, when I thought that she was now *mine—mine* forever—that nothing upon earth could separate us—I almost wondered that poor sinful mortals such as we are, should be permitted to enjoy such unspeakable happiness on this side of time. The very tears stood in my eyes wi' perfect ecstacy, and I could not forbear, before the minister and them a', of squeezing her hand, and saying: "My ain Katie!"

It was October, but a very mild day, and a very passed for a day in August. After dinner, the room became very warm, and the window was drawn down from the top. There was a lark singing its autumn song right aboon the house, and its loud sweet notes came pouring in by the window.

"Poor thing!" thought I, "your joys are ending, and mine are only beginning; but I trust, in the autumn of my days, to sing as blithely as you do now."

I gied another glance at my ain Katie, and as I contemplated her lovely countenance, I felt as a man that was never to know sorrow; for I didna seew how it was possible for sorrow to be where such angel sweetness existed.

That was my second sunny day; and my third followed after it in the natural course of time; for the event that rendered it memorable was neither more nor less than the birth of my first born—my only son. I was walking out in the fields when the tidings were brought to me, and when I found that I had cause to offer thanks for a living mother and a living child, wi' perfect joy the tears ran down my checks. I silently prayed for my Katie and my bairn. When I thought that a man son was born unto me, and that I was indeed a faither, the pride and the joy of heart were almost too great for me to bear. I would not have exchanged the natural and honorable title of father, to have been made Emperor of Russia, and King of Madagascar.

It was a glorious day in the height of summer, and as I hurried home to see, and to kiss my bairn and its mother, I believe the very flowers of the road-side were conscious that it was a father, a *new made father*, that trampled on them, I did it so quickly and so lightly. But great as my joy then was, it was nothing to be compared with what I felt when I saw my Katie and our bairn, and when my lips touched theirs. I then did feel the full, the overflowing ecstacy of a father's heart. Never shall I forget it. That was the third of my five sunny days.

The fourth was of a different description, but gied me unmingled satisfaction, and perhaps I may say, was in some sort the foundation of the one which succeeded.

Now, I must make you sensible that Katie made a very notable wife. In her household affairs, she set an example that was worthy of imitation by every wife in Peebles. There was nothing wasted in her house, and the shadow of onything extravagant was never seen within her door.

One night, about six weeks after our marriage, she and I were sitting at the fireside, by our two sells, (for we never made our house a howff for neighbors and their clashes,) when she said to me very seriously: "John, I've often heard it said, that the first hundred pounds is worse to make than the next five hundred."

"I watna, my dear," said I; "though I say it myself, there are none belonging to the craft that can make better wages than I can, and if it is your desire to make the endeavor, wi' all my heart say I."

So the thing was agreed upon, and we set about it the very next day. I got a strong wooden box made, wi' a hole on the top, just about long enough and broad enough to let in a penny-piece edgeways; and I caused a bit of leather, like a tongue, to be nailed owre the inside of the hole, so that whatever was put in, couldna be taken out again till the box was broken open.

For many a day, both her and me wrought hard, both late and early, to accomplish it. We neither allowed the back to gang bare or shabby, nor did we scrimp our coggie, during our endeavors; but we avoided every sixpence, every farthing of unnecessary expense.

At length Katie says to me one day, just after dennertime: "John, I dressay we shall have the hundred pounds now. If ye have nae objection we will open the box and see."

It was the very thing which I had been wishing her to propose for months; and up I banged upon the kist, and put my hand on the head of the bed, where the box was kept. It was very heavy, and it required both my hands to lift it down.

I forced up the lid, and having locked the door, I placed the box upon the table. The sun was streaming in at the window sae bright that ye would have said it was aware of the satisfaction of Katie and mysel', as we saw it streaming upon the heap of treasure which our own industry had gathered together. It took us from two in the afternoon until six at night to count it; for it consisted of gold, silver and copper; and we counted it thrice over, before we made it come twice to the same sum. At last we were satisfied that it amounted to one hundred and fifteen pounds, seven shillings and eighteen pence half-penny.

When I ascertained that the object of my desire, and of my late and early savings, was accomplished, I was that happy that I almost knocked owre the table where it was all spread out, counted into parcels of twenty shillings. I threw my arms round Katie, wi' as meikle rapture as I did on my first sunny day, when she said: "I will, John," for the object was of her proposing, and she had the entire merit of the transaction. It was a grand sight to see the sinking sun throwing the shadows of the one hundred and odd twenty-shilling towers across the table, and to the far side of the floor. Folk talk about the beauty of the rainbows, but there never was a rainbow to be compared wi' the appearance of our floor that evening, wi' a' the shadows of the piles of siller running across it. That was my fourth sunny day.

Finding that I was now a man of capital, I took a shop in the front street, and commenced business as a maister boot and shoe-maker. Katie was remarkably civil in the shop, and I always tried to put good stuff into the hands of my customers, so that in a very short time I carried on a very prosperous concern. I also rose very high in the opinion of my fellow craftsmen; and, wonderful to relate! I heard that it was their determination to elect me to the high and honorable office of deacon of the corporation of our ancient and respectable trade, in the ancient burgh of Peebles.

This was a height to which my ambition never could have aspired, and when I heard of the intention of the brethren, it really made me that I couldna sleep. It made me not only dream that I was a deacon, but a king, a prince, a bashaw—a dear kens what—but anything but plain John Brotherton. I thought it was a hoax that some of the craft were wishing to play off on me; therefore, I spoke of the subject with great caution. But when it was put into my head, there was nothing on earth that I so much desired. I thought what an honor it would be when I was dead and gone, for my son to be able to say: "My father was deacon of the ancient company of cordwainers in Peebles."

"What a sound that will have," thought I. On the morning of the election I awoke, fearing, believing, hoping, trembling. I could hardly put on my clothes. However, the choosing of office-bearers began, and I was declared duly elected deacon of the company of cordwainers. It was with difficulty that I refrained from clapping my hands in the court, and I am positive I would not have been able to do it, had it not been that the brethren came crowding around me to shake hands wi' me.

I went home in very high glee, as ye may weel suppose, and Katie met me wi' great joy in her looks. When the supper was set upon the table—"Katie, my dear," said I, "send out for a bottle of strong ale."

"A bottle of strong ale, John?" quoth she in surprise; "remember that though yes hae been appointed deacon of the shoe-makers, ye are but a mortal man! Remember John, that it was by drinking wholesome water, wi' pickles of oatmeal in it, that enabled you to save a hundred pounds, and so to become deacon of the trade. But had ye sent for bottles of strong ale to your supper, ye would neither have saved the one, nor been made the other. Na, na, John, think nae mair about ale."

"Weel, weel," said I, "ye are right, Katie—I canna deny it."

That was what I call my fifth sunny day—a remarkable day in my existence, standing out from among the rest, and crowned wi' happiness.

From the Journals.

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

BY MRS JAMES GRAY.

No rest for thy foot, oh Dove,
Thou mayest no further go.
There's an angry sky above,
And a raging deep below;
Though wildly toss the weary ark—
Though drear and dull its chamber be—
Return, return, 'tis a sheltering bark,
And a resting-place for thee!

'Twas vain to send thee forth,
To tire thy downy wing;
From the drowned and sunken earth,
What tidings can'st thou bring?
Oh, thus the human heart sends out
Its pilgrims on a lonely track,
And after years of pain and doubt,
Receives them wearied back!

No rest for thy foot, oh Hope,
Sent forth on pinion fleet,
Though vale and sunny slope
Lie spread beneath thy feet,
There are tempests still of fear and scorn
To rend the plumage of thy breast—
Clouds following on, and a piercing thorn,
Where'er thy foot would rest.

No rest for thy foot, oh, Peace,
If sent to find some leaf—
[illegible] that earth's tempests cease,
No rest for thee!—return, return!—
The soul that sent thee vainly forth,
To keep thee safe must cease to yearn
For the flowers and toys of earth!

Least rest for thy foot, oh, Love,
With thy pinion pure and strong,
All earth's wild waters move
To do thee deadly wrong.
Back to the deep, fond heart, whose sighs
Have all too much of "passion's leaven,"
And if thou must go forth, arise
On an angel's wing to heaven!

TATTLE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Have you seen Miss Fanny Murray?" inquired Mrs. Spooner, of her "grand" neighbor, Mrs. Caunter.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"Well, you have no loss. She is a keen, clever girl, I am sure of that, and that is odious enough; moreover, she is little, and, I think, a *little* crooked red-haired, grey-eyed, and such a nose! down at this end and up at that. The idea of calling *her* pretty! Why, she's a positive fright. I don't know when I saw so plain a young woman. Then her manners are forward; she will sit and sing by the hour, before a roomfull of company, without the smallest hesitation. It is a great pity, poor thing, she rouges so badly. If a woman, particularly a young woman, must rouge, I think she owes it to society to put it on decently."

"Perhaps," urged Mrs. Caunter, good naturedly, "it was the heat of the weather that provoked her complexion when you saw her."

"Not at all, my dear madam. I could not be mistaken; indeed I thought I would tell Mrs. Lilly, her friend of it; but, after all, it was wiser to hold my tongue, and, as I have daughters of my own, she might say I was jealous!—jealous, indeed, for Anne and Louisa—of her—of Miss Murray!" The informant paused, glanced suspiciously around the room, as if she feared some one was hidden behind the curtains or beneath the sofas, and then drawing her chair a little closer to Mrs. Caunter, ventured upon what few dared with that stately lady—a more confidential communication than usual.

"I don't care to busy myself, not I, about what is no concern of mine; but I assure you she is not the heiress they represent her. Mr. John Lilly is her man of business, knows her affairs, and *he* told Mr. Spooner she was very badly off, and that little considerably dipped—involved."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Caunter, interested, perhaps, for the first time in Mrs. Spooner's conversation, from the fact of having a marriageable son.

"Yes, indeed, he told Mr. Spooner that even our daughters were better provided for than Miss Murray."

"Very injudicious," observed Mrs. Caunter, "for a lawyer to talk about his client's affairs."

"Oh, he spoke out in confidence to Mr. Spooner, you know; gentlemen will talk over their wine sometimes; only I desire everything straightforward, and I do not like a girl to be cried up as a great beauty and an heiress, who has no pretention to be considered either."

Mrs. Caunter did not encourage the conversation, though too apt at observing and combining, not to be also fond of what is technically called "news." Though by no means uninterested in the question of a pretty girl's fortunes, she scorned to owe her information to a person she despised; and so Mrs. Spooner, having got rid of a portion of inconvenient bitterness, in what she considered a judicious place, bade Mrs. Caunter good morning with a smile that was unreturned, and went her way.

In a few minutes after her departure Mrs. Johnes entered, and Miss Murray, as the last arrival on the country town where the ladies resided, was immediately brought again upon the tapis, by a talkative but kind visitor. "I think," said the lady, "I have seldom dwelt with more pleasure upon any face, than on that of Miss Murray; the longer you look, the greater number of beauties you discover; then, her manners are so fascinating, kind and cheerful, without a particle of forwardness; and when you ask her to sing, instead of making a fuss about it, like most young ladies, she sits down immediately and sings you song after song, without the slightest affectation. I am sure you will admire her complexion, it is the purest and fairest I ever saw. The faint rose color that tinges her cheek is like the blush on the most delicate rose."

"Persons with red hair generally have complexions more or less delicate," suggested Mrs. Caunter.

"Red hair!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnes in a tone of mingled horror and astonishment; who could have told you that? her hair is of a pale—perhaps I might add, a *warm* shade of brown—but brown it decidedly is, harmonising admirably with her dark blue eyes."

"Gray," interrupted Mrs. Caunter.

"They are of so deep a blue, as to be almost violet," persisted Mrs. Johnes. "Now who was malicious enough to call them gray?"

"Different opinions may be formed of eyes as well as of other things," replied Mrs. Caunter; "but pray tell me, if Miss Murray is little, crooked, and cock-nosed?"

Mrs. Johnes cast up her hands and eyes indignantly. "She is, madam," she answered, when somewhat recovered from her displeasure; "She is an inch taller than myself, and I suppose no one would call me 'little.' As for her being crooked, she is as straight as it is possible for any one to be. Her nose is, indeed, retroussé, but only enough so to give expression to a face which would otherwise be tame."

When Mrs. Johnes had retired, Mrs. Caunter found it impossible to form a just estimate of Miss Murray's person and accomplishments upon such conflicting evidence. She therefore wisely determined to keep her mind free from all opinion on the subject, until an introduction to the young lady should afford her an opportunity of judging for herself. Meantime, she thought it would be advisable to keep her son Edward aloof from all the fascinations of the fair stranger, till she could make up her mind respecting her. For her nephew Harold—then on a visit to his aunt—she had also apprehensions. Mrs. Caunter was therefore not very pleased to receive a note from her son, stating that he and his cousin were going to dine with "John Lilly, to meet Miss Murray in a friendly way;" for it was at his house that the reputed heiress was staying. "A friendly dinner, indeed," mused Mrs. Caunter, somewhat alarmed; "admitting of all the ease and delicacy of a *demi toilette*, which an artful girl knows how to use with grace and effect." But this was not all; at ten o'clock Harold sent home for his flute, and at eleven Edward sent for the music of "*I Puritani*." It struck one before the young gentlemen returned home, and to their real sorrow they found Mrs. Caunter sitting up for them. She did not like to betray her anxiety on the subject by asking their opinion of Miss Murray; and a certain something prevented Harold from saying a word about the young lady; while Edward—seeing that his cousin had absolutely, calm and quiet though he was, fallen truly in love with the fair stranger—spared him any observations. So the trio parted in a constrained manner.

"I see," thought Mrs. Caunter, "Mrs. Spooner, vulgar and prejudiced though she be, was, I daresay, right upon one point; I am sure that Miss Murray is one of your keen clever girls."

How dangerous is the scratch of a poisoned arrow!

Miss Murray was, in reality, neither the perfection represented by Mrs. Johnes, nor the person described by Mrs. Spooner. She was an affectionate, unaffected, gentle girl, with the capabilities of remaining firm and steadfast in a good cause; and yet had the power of *adapting* herself to the ways and manners of those with whom she associated. The neighborhood she had just entered was new and amusing to her in every respect. She had spent her early days in the deep retirement of a country house, where right thoughts and right feelings have time to take root; and a two years' residence in London had generalized her ideas, without impairing their strength, and rendered her perhaps inclined to laugh at the petty intolerance and over-weening vanity of such as imagine a country town to be "the world!" Yet her laugh was so musical of good nature, that it was as pleasant to the heart as to the ear; and if Mrs. Spooner's observations had not been circulated, Fanny Murray would have been decidedly as popular as the favorite candidate always is *before* his election. But I have not met one in a score, perhaps not one person in a hundred, who, however convinced of the worthlessness of the source from which an evil report springs, can nevertheless disabuse his or her mind at *once* of its influence, and be in feeling as if the evil had never tainted the heart. We all want faith in each other's virtues, and the more we feel inclined to doubt the truth, or purity, or justice of our fellow-men, so much the more should we feel inclined to doubt the truth, and purity, and justice of our own hearts.

Mrs. Caunter was not far wrong in her judgment when she thought that both her son and nephew would most likely be captivated, at least for a time, by the new face that had come amongst them. Edward was won by her playing, and Harold by her singing; both by her general fascination. Edward, grave and sedate by nature, full of the dignity of "the son and heir," was somewhat piqued by the light-hearted mirth that paid no respect to his "position in society," and seemed to think all his attentions were matters of course; while the pretensionless Harold was touched by the deep-toned feeling not only of her [illegible] polished words as if she appreciated the music of a poor cousin as fully as that of a rich heir.

All the gossips in the town and its immediate neighborhood were alive with the news that the two Mr. Caunters had spent the evening at Mrs. Lilly's. Everybody declared that both admired Miss Murray. Mrs. Spooner, upon being told this at a very early hour by her good-natured next door neighbor Mrs. Johnes, averred, while every hair on her head bristled with indignation, "that Mrs. Johnes must have been misinformed; that *she* had every reason to know better; that Mrs. Caunter had too much good sense to trust her son within the vortex of a syren—a girl without a penny, whose very expectations were involved."

The gossips soon had more food for tattle provided to their never-ceasing tongues. Edward and Harold Caunter had become constant visitors to Mrs. Lilly, and frequent attendants upon the steps of her lovely guest. In truth it was perceived that a rivalry for her smiles and society had sprung up between the two cousins, who were till now looked upon as the Orestes and Pylades of the town, so strong was their friendship. In fact, the "affair" proceeded so far, that Miss Murray's hostess thought it her duty to try and squeeze out of her young friend what her intentions respecting the young gentlemen really were.

"My dear Fanny," said Mrs. Lilly one morning after breakfast, "my dear Fanny, I was very glad to see you and Edward Caunter looking over those engravings together last night."

"The engravings are very pretty," replied Miss Murray, while her eyes sparkled with a mirthful mischief, which Mrs. Lilly—the most sleepy-headed chaperone who had ever the care of a young lady—did not either like or understand.

"I was not thinking of the engravings, my dear," she answered; "of course they are pretty, or we should not have paid two-and-twopence a number to that everlasting bookseller's bag-man who is continually bringing specimens of all manner of arts, tied by the neck in a blue bag. I was thinking of Mr. Edward Caunter."

"More than I was. Let me see now, three red stitches and two green," replied the young lady, bending over her embroidery.

"What could Mrs. Caunter, the stately Mrs. Caunter mean by calling here but to sanction her son's addresses?" returned her friend, opening up a new point in the subject.

"She only called to satisfy her curiosity. She could not, stately as she is, issue a mandate—'Miss Murray, come and be looked at.' So as I did not go to see her, she came to see me."

"You are a conceited little puss to say so," said Mrs. Lilly.

"I should be a hypocrite if I thought so without saying it—at least to you who have been so kind to me."

"You will not be kind to yourself, Fanny."

"How so?"

"Why, really, any girl of common sense would have managed a declaration from Edward Caunter before this. The question raised in the town is, which of the cousins is likely to make you the first offer. Harold's attentions have, I assure you, become quite a topic in the neighborhood; and it does a girl a great deal of harm to have a dangler in constant attendance upon her, who is sure never to be worth a penny—one who writes verses." Fanny bent her head still lower over her Berlin-wool convolvulus; then, raising it suddenly, Mrs. Lilly was discomfited by seeing her face in a blaze of sunny laughter.

"I really can't help it, my dear Mrs. Lilly; but what do I care for the town's people? what do I care for their evil report or good report? what do I care for their being cut up into those microscopic *cliques*—political, polemical, poetising, and philosophic; and then dividing again, and again, until—like the regiment reduced to a drummer—the last particle cries out, '*I am the body intellectual!*' I shall not spend my life amongst them, and so for the present they may talk as they please; they may indeed. I care not what they say."

"This is unwomanly," said her friend; "every woman should care, especially about being married."

"Well, so I do care about it a great deal, and for that reason, let me assure you gravely and seriously, that I have not the slightest desire to entrap the grave Mr. Edward or his very superior cousin; at the same time I must assure you, that if I were to marry either, it would not be Edward."

"Then my dear Fanny, you should not encourage him."

Miss Murray rose from her seat, as though it was now her turn to look angry.

"Nor do I," she replied; "one of the barriers to anything approaching society in a country town is the shameful chatter, the perpetual prying, the watching and whispering, and misrepresenting, because misunderstanding, of every petty occurrence. I cannot and I will not, shut myself up from every human being, particularly those who are the most agreeable here. It must be perfectly well known that I do not encourage either of those young men as lovers. If either of them be vain enough to suppose they have led captive my heart, when they have only interested my understanding, I cannot help it. I defy them or the scandal-lovers of this place, to adduce one single word or act of coquetry against me; there are reasons why I should be above it, and I trust I am so; but I can hardly expect them to understand or believe this."

Miss Murray having so said, resumed her seat and her embroidery, and Mrs Lilly went to the breakfast-room to catch her husband before he went out. "My dear John," were her first words, "I do not know what to make of that girl. She perplexes me. From what you told me the other day, she had really next to nothing, and yet she scorns decided advantages in the most imprudent manner. From what I gather from you, it seems doubtful what she will really have, and"——

Mr. Lilly did not permit his wife to finish the sentence. "Doubtful," he repeated; "not at all doubtful; it is perfectly certain that after she is twenty-one years of age, she will not have a sixpence she can call her own."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Lilly; "it is really very deplorable that you never told me this before, for the idea has gone abroad that she is rich. What will they say when they discover the contrary?"

One of Mrs. Lilly's strongest peculiarities was, that she could not keep a secret, much less could she conceal from her intimate friends what had been told her without reserve, or any injunctions not to reveal it. Consequently, it soon got trumpeted forth that Fanny Murray would not have a sixpence to call her own after she was twenty-one. For once the town's-people were almost united; the literateurs, the politicians, the controversialists of all kinds, sought to be the first to open "Mrs. Caunter's eyes," as they expressed it. The schoolmistress carried the tale to the housekeeper's room at Caunter hall; and the milliner and shoemaker sent in "their little accounts" to Miss Murray, with a pressing demand for payment, "as they had bills to make up that week." Every one wondered that she presumed to dress so well, and had the imprudence to give five pounds to the charity school, when she might so soon want it herself. When the fact of her being rich or poor was a question, she had a great many defenders; but poverty is a wonderful queller of the *vox populi*. Those who used to curtsy to Miss Murray, nodded; and many wondered "where their eyes were" when they called her a beauty. Still she had not lost all her supporters. The very young, who did not care for wealth, still enjoyed her frank, unaffected kindness; and her voice was the joy-bell to every child who knew her. Several held altogether aloof from "*poor* Fanny Murray," until they saw "what Mrs. Caunter did"—until that great lady made some demonstration by which they could steer.

One evening, when these doubts agitated the minds of the gossips of the town, the unfortunate subject of them sealed her fate by a circumstance which was overseen by Mrs Spooner, who lived opposite to the Lillys, and who had been on the watch for "news" about Miss Murray during a whole week, never having stirred from her parlour window except to dine. It was after nine o'clock, and she beheld Mr. Edward Caunter rap at her opposite neighbor's door. He went in—what could he want? Whom did he ask for? Time would show; and the persevering spy determined to be patient. A half-hour passed—nearly an hour—when lo! the front door opened, and Mr. Edward Caunter walked slowly forth—not towards his own home, but in a contrary direction! *How very mysterious.* The mystery, however, did not end here. Mrs. Spooner was in the act of drawing down her blinds, as if to drop the curtain upon a drama which she thought had concluded, when, to her astonishment, she heard a second knock at Mr. Lilly's door. Who could it be? She strained her eyeballs to be certain, and the light of the street-lamp revealed to her the form of Mr. *Harold* Caunter entering the house. The affair was now getting serious; the responsibility became too great for a single witness, and she determined to step in next door and convince Mrs. Johnes, by the evidence of her own vision, of Miss Murray's incorrectness. That good lady unwillingly consented to join her neighbor in the watch, and two pair of eyes were soon rivetted on Mr. Lilly's door. The catastrophe approached. Mr. Edward Caunter was seen returning in the distance; and, by a strange coincidence, just as he passed the house, who should issue from it but his cousin Harold! The meeting was manifestly embarrassing; they regarded each other for some minutes without speaking; then they talked in suppressed tones, which gradually became loud and angry; till at last they walked hastily away, and [illegible]

"What do you think of that?" exclaimed Mrs. Spooner, triumphantly.

Mrs. Johnes was so surprised, that she professed herself perfectly unable to arrange her thoughts on the subject; and Mrs. Spooner—determined not to mar the effect she had produced upon her friend's mind by another word—retired home to her couch, not to sleep, but to lose herself in conjecture, amazement, and indignation.

The next morning brought new wonders. Mrs. Caunter's carriage was observed, at the unusual hour of twelve o'clock, to draw up at Mr. Lilly's door. It was also rumored that her footman actually inquired for Miss Murray, and that it was to her the visit was paid.

These rumors were true. Mrs. Caunter, on entering the parlor into which she was shown, found herself in the presence of Miss Murray, who did not betray the slightest degree of confusion beyond a deep blush which mantled her cheeks, and then left her paler than usual. Mrs. Caunter drew her chair opposite to where the young lady sat, and fixed her penetrating eyes upon her. Fanny neither avoided nor returned the gaze, but waited patiently for Mrs. Caunter to open the communication, whatever it might be.

"I go out very seldom, Miss Murray," said the lady, "or I would have returned your visit; but though I go out very little, I hear a great deal." Miss Murray smiled faintly. "You will pardon me," continued the dignified lady, "I am sure, for speaking somewhat abruptly, as I am about to do, upon a delicate subject."

"Pray do not hesitate," said Miss Murray, with some emotion.

Still, Mrs. Caunter looked perplexed. "My son Edward, Miss Murray, has, I think, paid you some attention, but yet not so much as his feelings prompted him." Miss Murray bowed. "And my nephew, Harold, too, has, I think, been equally devoted." Again Miss Murray bowed. "I am sorry to tell you, that these attachments have caused this morning a quarrel of so serious a nature between them, that I dread to think of its consequences. Can you give me any clew to this? Is it, or is it not true, that yesterday evening Edward had an interview with you? Do you object to tell me what passed at that interview?" Miss Murray seemed too agitated to speak, and Mrs. Caunter continued. "I do not heed the idle and malicious reports of the neighborhood; I do not care for want of fortune in the future wife of my son, whoever she may be; but I am especially careful concerning her mind and character." Fanny Murray looked so indignant, that Mrs. Caunter paused. "I do not, believe me, wish to insinuate anything against you; but if my form of speech be uneven or rude, forgive me this once. I do entreat you, Miss Murray, tell me what passed yesterday evening."

"Why did you not ask Mr. Caunter?" said Miss Murray greatly distressed; "he could tell you what I cannot."

"But he would not," replied his mother. "I urged him in every way: he was exceedingly angry at my knowing that you met last night."

"It was by accident, I assure you," interrupted the young lady.

"So Edward said; but something must have occurred to make him so enraged, so unlike himself. He insulted Harold in the bitterest manner, and Harold, I fear, is not one to bear an insult tamely."

"I assure you, madam, most earnestly, that your nephew has nothing whatever to do with—with—what occurred between Mr. Caunter and myself yesterday. I told him so; I implored him most earnestly to believe me—and now I as earnestly entreat *you* to seek your son and to repeat it."

"You have seen Harold, then, I presume!"

"I have. I saw him last night, after I had parted from his cousin."

"Really, Miss Murray," said Mrs. Caunter, "you must permit me to say that this is very strange conduct on the part of a young lady. Edward was here till ten o'clock last night. Did you see Harold *after* that hour?"

"I did," replied the young lady, "though really you must forgive me for saying that I do not see what right you, a comparative stranger, have to question me."

There was a pause. At length Mrs. Caunter said, with some little excitement, "I ask but a simple explanation of what passed between you and my son Edward last night; you refuse it, and leave me impressed in a way I am sorry to be; for I sought to believe, that to the attractions you possess, you added one greater than beauty—ingenuousness. You met, it seems, my nephew by appointment, and——"

Fanny did not permit Mrs. Caunter to finish the sentence. Her cheek flushed to a crimson, which even her slanderers must have confessed no rouge could imitate. She advanced to her visitor with much dignity of manner and said, "Forgive me if I withdraw. Within a very short time you will deeply lament having joined in an evil report against an orphan girl. I am quite aware that my personal appearance—that what I did and did not do—has afforded conversation for your neighbors ever since my

currival amongst them. At first, I could laugh at this, and hope that it would not influence those whose good opinion is of value. I am grieved that it has influenced yours. You will be *obliged* to change it; but until you do, I owe it to *myself*"—Miss Murray paused, and then added with much emotion—"and to another dearer than myself, not to hear my conduct and motives impugned with impunity." Before Mrs. Caunter had time to reply, Fanny Murray had left the room. She had hardly got into her own chamber, when Mrs. Lilly, all weakness and wonder, curtsied herself into the great lady's presence, offering apologies, without knowing why: having heard something of what had passed, she guessed a great deal more; and Mrs. Caunter had not left the house two hours, before it seemed as though some new and extraordinary event had happened to set all the women in the town gadding and talking. They discoursed about the two Mr. Caunters being "inveigled by Miss Murray," "Mrs. Caunter carried in a swoon from Mr. Lilly's house, after calling Miss Murray the poisoner of her peace," "Mrs. Lilly in tears to her husband, and on her knees, beseeching him to send such a penniless unprincipled creature from her house." Ladies, who had never known the eclat of refusing a lover, were outrageously indignant at the idea of Miss Murray having "outrapped" two at a time. A damsel, enthusiastic in matters of sentiment, perpetrated a "little lampoon," just for private circulation, on the subject of ladies meeting cousins after dark. The great literary oracle talked of writing an essay upon the natural weakness of female principle; and the rival M.D.'s agreed for once that Miss Murray looked very like a person who had hereditary insanity. This construction upon the strange things attributed to the poor girl was considered very charitable and Christian-like by several of the best disciplinarians in the town. But Miss Murray might have been even still more severely handled by those worthies, but for the sudden vanishment of Harold Caunter, who was reported to have mounted his horse one fine morning—the morning after Mrs. Caunter's last interview with Miss Murray—and disappeared.

Caunter Hall was beset with visitors for two entire days after these events; but all who called, even the most intimate, were received with a polite "Not at home." A peep into Mr. Lilly's house would have convinced any one that Mrs. Lilly was anxious, Miss Murray ill, Mr. Lilly amused; in fact, Mr. Lilly was not troubled with much feeling. He did not observe that his fair ward was suffering from anxiety; and if he had, he would have thought that, like Mrs. Lilly, she would certainly have a fit of hysterics, and get well immediately.

"Have you heard nothing direct from Harold?" inquired Mrs. Caunter of Edward a few days after his cousin's departure.

"No, mother," he replied sullenly; "but I dare say Miss Murray could tell, if she would, all about him. For my own part, I never wish to see his face again."

"Edward! oh, Edward!" exclaimed the mother's trembling lips.

"To be foiled by him, and fooled by her," he continued bitterly. "I would not, could not, confess it even to you, mother," he continued; "but to be *refused* by a girl that current report says has not a sixpence"——

"Refused!" repeated Mrs. Caunter in utter astonishment.

"Yes," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "and doubtless laughed, sneered at, by every creature before whom the young lady has paraded me as her rejected admirer."

"You do her wrong," said Mrs. Caunter, whose nature was far more generous than her son's, though she could hardly comprehend any woman refusing him. "You do her wrong; even to me she would not tell what passed between you, and I now regret that I behaved so strangely."

"What!" exclaimed Edward; "did you see her?"

Mrs. Caunter told him the entire truth, and even Edward—loath as he was to suppose how *any* girl could reject him, but still more how any penniless girl could do so—was touched by the firmness she displayed in refusing to tell the mortifying fact, even to his mother; still, her conduct with regard to Harold was inexplicable. The cousin's mysterious absence was, however, soon cleared up; for while the mother and son were talking, the postman brought a letter informing Mrs. Caunter that the writer had gone to meet an old schoolfellow in Paris on business which admitted not of a moment's delay.

Some weeks after, the maids were busily occupied in washing out the areas, rolling up the blinds, and opening the windows of the houses in the principal street of the town that had been the scene of those events: the milk women, trim and tidy, were sidling along with their bright tin measures, and the first coach that passed through from London had rattled through the town; the brightness of the young day was over all things, and the pure fresh air of morning was balmy and fragrant even in the streets of a close country town; when a post-chaise dashed down the street, and, to the astonishment of a group of gossiping servants, drew up at Mr. Lilly's door. Out of it sprung two gentlemen.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Spooner's maid; "if there isn't Mr. Harold Caunter, and a grander than he. I must run and wake my missus, or she'd never forgive me." In half an hour, as the servants afterwards declared, "the whole street was up;" and no wonder, for the bells were pealing forth their most noisy music; the clergyman was observed walking arm in arm with Mr. Lilly to his house. The whole place was in a bustle; Mrs. Caunter was seen to alight at, and once more enter the door of Mr. Lilly's house, where she was received by Harold. She was not in Miss Murray's presence one instant, before she perceived that her cheeks were hollow, and her eyes sunken and heavy; that her figure had lost its round and elasticity...

"Have words, unkindly and lightly spoken, done this?" thought Mrs. Caunter, when she had a moment to think, which, however, Harold hardly permitted. He hastened to introduce his aunt to his old friend, Sir Felix Raymond, the betrothed husband of Fanny Murray! Family reasons of the utmost importance prevented their marriage until the lady reached the age of twenty-one, whilst, in the meantime, it was necessary that their engagement should be kept secret. Property to a large amount would have been placed in imminent jeopardy but for these precautions. Other explanations followed from Miss Murray's own lips. She had been so fully engrossed by her affection for Sir Felix Raymond, that Edward Caunter's passionate declaration of love took her preoccupied mind by surprise; and having refused him she was far too honorable to own what she had done so to his mother. On the other hand, Harold's passion received a check, in a letter addressed to him by his friend Sir Felix; "fortunately," as he said, "before his heart was altogether gone." By this he was made acquainted with the secret attachment, and became the medium of communication between the lovers; thus exciting the suspicions which gave Mrs. Caunter so much uneasiness by being sometimes seen alone with Miss Murray, and on the last occasion at an unseasonable hour. This interview occurred when at length the reasons for secrecy ceased; and Miss Murray—at the suggestion of Mr. Lilly, her man of business—intrusted Harold with some important papers, which it was necessary should be placed in the hands of Sir Felix, in Paris.

Thus ended an explanation which cost Miss Murray some effort—from the weak condition she was in—to get through. This Mrs Caunter observed with bitter self-reproach; seeing that if *she* had been decided in her manner towards Miss Murray, no one would have dared to whisper. She, too, who knew them all so well. It is those who lead in their own sphere of what is called "the world," who have the greatest sins to answer for in those matters. The wedding-day was fixed; but when it came, the bride was in the clutches of a fierce fever. Harold had managed to keep the chatterings of the people from the ears of Sir Felix, and had endeavored with his aunt to work upon Edward, so as to heal the wound his pride and self-love had received, and which prompted him to the not very uncommon revenge of saying as many bitter things as he could of the lady by whom he was rejected. The gossipers—although, of course, their tone of gossip was changed—still talked; and in one of those unaccountable ways by which stories are carried, Sir Felix heard something which he traced to Edward Caunter. A duel was the immediate consequence; and for several weeks Mrs. Caunter had to watch by the bedside of her son, who had received his adversary's fire in his shoulder. Fanny Murray recovered slowly, and in process of time was married; but her buoyant spirit had been too severely shattered to regain its elasticity for many years. Mrs. Caunter took a dislike to the town, which all Miss ———'s poetry could not remove, though the same fair hand that traced an anonymous lampoon, penned a "bridal sonnet," something about Felix and Felicia. She and her son left the neighborhood in disgust; and Harold, fine generous fellow that he was, went abroad, deprived of the society of his dearest friend, because, of course, he could not associate with Sir Felix for some years, after what had occurred with his cousin. This is no idle tale—no invention. Who is there that has not started from, or observed the effects of gossip stings, winged by the small talk of tattlers?

Items of News.

Arrest.—Milton H. Wash, who absconded from Springfield, Illinois, about twelve months since, was arrested in St. Louis recently. While acting as clerk in the Auditor's office, he by false entries in the books hid speculations to an extensive amount, and upon discovery of the fact, he took flight to Texas and has remained absent up to the present period. He acknowledged the fact when arrested, and expressed a willingness to be conducted to Springfield for trial.

For the Oregon.—General Cornelius Gudliams, of Platte county, Missouri, has published a notice that he intends to emigrate to Oregon next Spring, and that any persons desirous of accompanying him must rendezvous on the right bank of the Missouri river, opposite to Owens' landing, five miles west of Savannah, on the first Monday in May.

The Venerable Pear Tree, on the corner of the 3d Avenue and 13th street, New York, planted about 200 years ago by Gov. Stuyvesant, and of which the trunk and branches are yet in good preservation, has, as we learn from the American Agriculturist, "borne a considerable quantity of fruit this year of good quality."

I. O. O. F.—The Odd Fellows Hall, in North Gay street, Baltimore, having been greatly enlarged and almost entirely rebuilt, will be formally dedicated on [illegible]. There will be a grand procession on the occasion, in which not only the Baltimore lodges but also those from various distant places will take part.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, *gratis.*

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Miss Bremer's new novel, "THE NEIGHBOURS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It would seem sometimes, from the newspaper revelations of crimes discovered, that moral as well as physical diseases possessed an infectious or epidemic character. But while generalising from such facts, we must be cautious lest we prove too much. Forgery, it is said, is the epidemic just now; but a little examination of the facts will show that such can hardly be the case. Murder, suicide, theft outright, assaults with intent to bruise, and other enormities which can be perpetrated impromptu, may occur upon the temptation of the eclat of reported crimes of kindred character. Suicide in particular, it has often been noted, runs like wild fire through a land; undoubtedly provoked by the unfortunate style in which the newspapers are accustomed to describe such events. Men of gloomy temperament, brooding over their misfortunes, real or fancied, begging their neighbors and kindred for sympathy, and carrying continually the wearisome tale of their woes upon their lips, frequently meet anything but commiseration. Indeed, it is generally the case, that when a man has for years obtruded his selfishness upon his friends, that he becomes a nuisance, and is rather repulsed than pitied, and is even a by word with those of his own household.

At length the victim of his own spleen becomes a misanthrope, and probably ceases to annoy others with his grievances, but broods over them in silence. Now comes the tempter to him in the newspaper. He finds, it may be daily, circumstantial accounts of "highly respected" citizens, who have, though "dearly beloved" by their relatives and friends, rushed unbidden into the presence of their Maker. Sympathy with the surviving friends of the self-murdered, pity for their grief, and a desire to alleviate it by a gentle treatment of the event, induces a highly colored eulogy upon the deceased; and the whole matter is so circumstantially detailed, as completely to enlist the morbid sympathies of the discontented splenetic.

The conclusion to which he naturally enough comes is, that the suicide has at last succeeded in forcing the commiseration which he could not command while alive—and in pursuit of this posthumous pity, and such to him it seems, posthumous fame, he rashly adds another to the newspaper catalogue of those who "do a rash act, for which, no motive can be imagined."

Such is the manner in which suicide runs as an epidemic. We have not space to follow the causes of the spread of other crimes—different entirely, it is hardly necessary to say, from those of the forgery epidemic, improperly so called. It is different from the others in the fact that the newspapers, by publishing the details do not induce the commission of new crimes, of this sort, but the betrayal of old. Every man who has paid attention to this subject must know—and so is the truth, that forgery is a crime much more prevalent than a cursory observer would imagine. Many times it escapes undetected through the caution of the perpetrator in "taking care" of his spurious paper, and taking it up before the parties forged upon are notified; and in many cases too, where the crime is detected the temptation to compounding of felony is so strong, that the parties who, by the criminal's conviction would be losers, shield him, in order to prevent their own pecuniary loss. That is to say, they permit him to escape unexposed, if he will but shield them by taking up his forged paper.

But when the newspapers are filled with accounts of discovered forgeries, the misguided men who are trembling in secret from the fact that they are involved in like guilt, naturally lose their caution and self possession. Their faculties are paralyzed, and they omit, neglect, or fear to take the same steps by which they have heretofore carried on their dangerous practices. Becoming desperate, fearful that they are suspected, or even known to be guilty, they sit down in reckless despair, and let the storm break over them, or they take some hasty step which betrays them to the public; and every exposure of a forgery increases the peril of those who are already involved in the same crime. Thus it is, we think, that forgeries come to us in the newspapers, in clouds—not that one published account of the crime prompts the commission by another person, but that one criminal's exposure causes others to be detected.

Enough of this not very pleasant theme. While the reader finds the particulars of several recently discovered forgeries in the papers, he can but notice also the relation of some instances of mercantile integrity of a truly proud character. The best is that of the old veteran, who having just received his arrears of pension, has devoted the same to payment of mercantile obligations, from which he was long since legally absolved. With what a comfortable conscience will that old man lie down in the grave, to which, in the order of nature he is hastening!

We noticed last week, the increased air of bustle and business in the good city of Philadelphia. The life and alacrity which marked the town last week continues, not only without abatement but with an evident increase. The truth appears to be, that the country merchants have worked off their old stocks of goods, and must purchase new. The new sales are made on the true business basis—cash or short credit; and of course purchasers while they buy with a proper liberality, lay out goods with no more lavish hand than the demand of their customers requires.

A short period of gloomy weather has at last given way to the delightful skies of an American autumn. The markets are liberally supplied with the later fruits, and vegetables, which, by their more mature perfection, prevent the palling upon the palate which a continuation of summer productions might produce. It is really almost enough to satisfy a hungry man to walk amid this plenty—that is to say if he understands the true secret of marketing—to believe no huckster's word without tasting for himself! It takes the women, however, to comprehend those things—not that we would make any insinuation of *that* kind, by any manner of means.

REV. ALBERT BARNES.

Our readers are aware that the Rev. Albert Barnes, of this city, has been elected to the Presidency of the Auburn, N. Y. Theological Seminary. There is no clergyman in the Presbyterian Church, who could be in such a situation more eminently useful to the Christian world than Mr. Barnes; but so great is the mutual attachment between himself and his society in this city, that he has not felt at liberty to accept the proffered post of honor and usefulness. While his society rejoice at this, such are Mr. Barnes's studious habits that the cause of religious education can hardly be said to lose anything by his determination to remain at home. By an economical adjustment of his time, which is worthy of all imitation, he is enabled to publish almost annually a valuable volume of commentary on the Scriptures, while his parochial duties are still as sedulously attended to, as if his whole time were devoted to them. It is doubtful whether in any situation he could be more useful than in his present one.

THE FIREMEN, MORE FIGHTING.

There was a time when the Philadelphia Firemen held a high rank in public estimation, and merited the esteem and gratitude of their fellow citizens. The Department numbered among its members, bold, energetic, honorable and chivalric spirits—men whom danger could not appal, nor hardship or exposure deter from an active performance of their self-assumed and voluntary duties. But, within the last few years, matters have undergone a material change—a change which has cast shadows upon the Firemen's' fame, and threatens to bring the whole system into disrepute and disgrace.

We allude to the frequent occurrence of riots and fighting, and whilst we do so, we cannot avoid the expression of our sincere regret, that it should ever become our duty, as public journalists, to condemn the conduct of a body of men, whose public services heretofore so eminently entitled them to the city's gratitude. But the truth must be told, and when the members of the Fire Department so far lose sight of the respect due to themselves, as to participate in and tolerate conduct such as we have recently been called upon to record, it is imperative upon every friend of the fair fame of Philadelphia to speak, in terms of decided reprobation, of those who offend against public peace and decency.

It has been said, we know, that the persons who have been most active in promoting the recent outrages, were not firemen, but simply a gang of rowdies, who are in the habit of congregating in the vicinity of the houses, and running with the engines. But, admitting this to be the case, the members of the several companies do themselves and the public a grievous wrong, in permitting such creatures to infest the engine and hose houses with their presence, and most particularly do they err in suffering them even to lay hold of a rope, or identify themselves, in any way, with a service which was, in times past, and should continue to be, a service of honor. The public cannot discriminate between the actual members of a fire company, and the "boys who run with the engine," and the consequences of the misdeeds of the one set, must, inevitably, be visited upon the other, innocent though they be.

We speak but the universal voice of the people, when we reprobate the riots, fights and profanation of the holy Sabbath which have recently occurred so frequently, and hold it as disgraceful to firemen to have facts like those recorded of them, and scandalous to the city and the adjoining districts, where the arm of the law is not strong enough to prevent or punish such outrages.

Tired as we are of noticing events of this character, we are nevertheless compelled to state that on last Sunday morning another disgraceful fight occurred, the actors in which were the members, or those who seem to be members of the Moyamensing and Marion Hose Companies. The scene was in the city, near the corner of Fifth and Race streets, and the morning was made hideous by the noise, the imprecations and blasphemies which the collision gave rise to. Paving stones and brick-bats, and horns and spanners, with all other kinds of missiles were freely used, and serious injury was done to many of the participants in the affray.

It is time, high time, that these things were brought to an end. If the city and district authorities are not strong enough to quell and check disturbances like these, every consideration of order, decency and morality requires that new and additional powers should be given to them. The crisis demands a remedy. Let those in authority do their duty, by maturing and adopting such measures as the necessity of the case calls for.

THE NEW YORK FORGERY.

We gave last week an account of the perpetration of forgeries to the amount of about $30,000, by a young clerk in New York. The criminal has since been arrested, the larger portion of the money recovered. It appears that Saunders, the forger, engaged and paid for a passage in the steamship Great Western, that he arrived at her pier after she had left, and that he then engaged a couple of boatmen to pull after her, making signals for her to stop. This she would have done, but could not on the instant, on account of the current, and Saunders becoming discouraged caused the boatmen to set him on shore.

From New York he went to Boston; and there engaged passage in a packet for New Orleans. But the news of the forgery had by this time reached that city; and the young villain's careless exposure of gold and lavish expenditure of money led to his arrest, after his baggage had been placed on board. The officer who arrested him took him off his guard by calling him by his name. About $3000 were found in his possession. He is stated to have told the officer that he cared very little about the matter, as he had secured $24,000 where it could not be reached, and it would only be a few years residence in prison.

But while these things were going on in Boston another important part of the drama was proceeding in New York. On Monday Messrs. Austin, Wilderming & Co received information from a woman who keeps a fruit shop, that a box had been placed in her possession for safe keeping which she suspected might contain the stolen property. Upon examination this proved to be the fact. The woman accounted for the possession of the box, by stating that a black woman of her acquaintance brought it to her for safe keeping, stating that it contained articles of value. After keeping it awhile the woman became unwilling to retain the charge, and wished the black woman to remove it again, who, however, declined, saying that she had kept it long enough. The boy a day or two after proposed to his mother to open it, very justly remarking that it might contain stolen goods, the discovery of which in her house might subject her to embarrassment.

The black woman accounted for the possession of the box by stating that it was put in her hands for keeping by the wife of a Frenchman, named Ragee, residing in Canal street; who, with his wife was then arrested. Meantime Mr. Wilderming one of the firm whose names had been forged, was in Boston, having left before the money was discovered, and labored hard to induce young Saunders to confess where he had concealed it. Though Saunders at first insisted that he had no accomplice, and pretended that the money not found upon his person had been thrown overboard, he at length made a confession implicating the man Ragee. Ragee was the penman who executed the forgery, Saunders as before stated being but an indifferent penman. If there are others connected with the villainy they will be undoubtedly detected. The father of the wretched young man is no longer suspected. His mother has been dead for some years.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

It is a melancholy fact now fully established, that the U. S. schooner Grampus has added another to the sorrowful catalogue of those marine disasters, from which none have escaped to describe the manner of the occurrence of the calamity. Never, until the sea gives up its dead, can the friends of the officers and crew of the ill-fated vessel know under what circumstances of terror death overtook the lost. With the fate of the Hornet, that of the Grampus must probably remain, while time lasts, an impenetrable and fearful mystery.

In such a case it should be in the power of government to administer immediate relief to the destitute and bereaved connexions of the lost. But we regret to see it stated in the Army and Navy Chronicle that the Navy Department finds itself compelled by law to withhold the hard earnings due the crew and officers of the U. S. schooner Grampus, on the last returns received from that ill-fated vessel, but between that time and her loss they might have drawn their pay, and thus a double payment should be made. The department has received letters of the most touching character from their distressed families, and such indeed is the needy condition in which some of them have been left, that they have already offered their *claims to a pension* for what they would bring. In this too they have been baffled; the pension fund has been wasted, and money lenders will make no advances on any such claims.

This is indeed a condition of things truly pitiful, and disgraceful to the fame of a great nation. It is another illustration of the fact that while politicians are busily engaged in seeking and giving office, the great purposes for which government and officers were created are permitted to be uncared for and neglected. But railing at past omissions will not cure their evil consequences. Action should immediately be had; and the merchants and others who have the interests of the navy at heart, would honor themselves, and relieve the distressed by setting a subscription on foot immediately for the relief of the families of the lost. The officers of the Navy, with commendable liberality, have already proposed such a movement among themselves; but the people should not permit the scanty emoluments of men who are liable to the same misfortune, to be abridged in this way. Let a vigorous and generous effort be made immediately among the whole people.

RATHER A FISH STORY.

The Bunker Hill Aurora, records the capture, last week, in Lynn Bay, near Nahant, of a horse mackerel, *twenty-five feet long!*

"I'VE SEEN THIS SPOT BEFORE."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

The following beautiful lines, by the authoress of the "Wife of Leon," has allusion to one of the peculiar mysteries of our nature, which almost every one has experienced, and but few, if any, understand. We mean that dreamy and half-prepared state of mind into which we sometimes fall, when the past, the present, and the future, seem to be drawn together into a narrow scope, and shadowy and broken ideas of recollection spring up within us, blending what we now see, with something which we have already realised, and prompting us to grasp, as by intuition, at coming events. An interesting writer on this subject has aptly spoken of these reminiscent impressions as something quite distinct in their operation from the faculty by which we recover the broken and nearly obliterated images impressed on the memory in childhood or at some far remote period of time. In the one case—that of material memory, just referred to—the images arise, at first faint, dim and indistinct, but they increase in strength as the mind dwells upon them, and labors to disengage the "tangled thread," until, by and bye, recollection obtains the mastery, and the far distant past is again before us in clearness and accuracy. Sir Walter Scott has beautifully and practically illustrated this, in his "Guy Mannering," where Harry Bertram, visiting, unconsciously, the home of his fathers, and gazing upon the scenes among which his young eyes first opened to the light, feels a tide of indistinct and hazy emotions forcing themselves upon his mind, which gather strength as they are dwelt upon, until a flood of knowledge seems to pour in upon his spirit, as if caused by the touch of Meg Merrilies' wand, and in her words

> "And Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
> Shall meet on Ellangowan's height"

he recognises with vivid distinctness, the song which once lulled his infant senses to repose, and the past is no longer a mystery to him.

But the mysterious reminiscences and recollections to which we have alluded, differ entirely from those depicted by Sir Walter Scott. They start upon the mind with a suddenness and force which prompts one to think that they spring from another birth-place than earth, and almost teach us to believe, as Eastern fables tell, that our souls had a pre-existence, and that to us belong faculties which know no mortal bounds, but remember the past, and are permitted to catch occasional glimpses of the future.

There are, we apprehend, few amongst us who have not, at some period of life, experienced feelings of this kind, and those feelings may have been awakened by apparently light and trivial causes. One who has given the subject attention says: "In gazing for the first time on a lovely prospect, a fine original picture, or an expressive countenance, as well as in listening to an affecting piece of music, how often does the dreamy, confused, yet pleasing recollection of the self-same strain, the same assemblage of soul-breathing features, the identical landscape, the same balmy, quiet air, the very rocks, skies and trees, bring home to our bosoms the lively feelings of a scene past and familiar, yet having in our memory no local habitation or name that the earth owns! Or in a first ramble by the sea-shore, in a church, on a mountain height, at a funeral, or in a crowded assemblage, those impressions may still recur, "Again I am in a scene of which I have formerly been a witness, or in which I have been an actor." It has been well remarked, too, that the power of exciting these mystical impressions is seldom felt more strongly, than on the first glance of some peculiar face. We meet an entire stranger, whose name, even, we may never have heard. His features are quite familiar to us, yet he resembles no one we recollect to have ever known. We recognise, at once, in their varying and eloquent expression, the gestures of a mind with which ours is already well acquainted. The language of his looks is directly intelligible—the tones of his voice are like some forgotten melody, which we instantly recall. We feel, for the moment, an entire accordance of tastes and feelings with this stranger, and have not yet thought of his character and condition of life. By the time these are ascertained, the spell is probably broken—the shadowy investiture of imagination is blown aside, and the object of our perplexed and delighted reminiscence sinks at once and forever into his real worldly character. Those with whom we are daily conversant are rarely the exciting causes of such dreams—if dreams they be—yet if laced in a novel situation with those habitually and tenderly dear to our affections, how often does the thought occur: "Have I not, in some former and half-forgotten time, lived over the same moments—experienced the same sensations—enjoyed the same delicious repose of mind? The same tree and verdure were around me; there was the same insect hum; the brook sang the self-same melody"—but here the trace of these shadowy reminiscences, which one could, at times, half believe to be indeed conjured up from some earlier stage of the soul's eternal progress, and which almost tempt us to say,

> "Ah, sure! as Hindoo legends tell,
> When Music's tones the bosom swell,
> The former scenes of life return,
> Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
> We left our parent climes afar,
> Immured in *mortal forms* to mourn."

But, Messrs. Editors, I have, with my remarks and quotations, made an essay of what I merely designed should be an introductory notice to an extract from a new work of great merit, which has just been published. I do not pretend to say that the verses I append furnish the best specimen of the poetical genius of the authoress, but the subject is one which is peculiar in its nature, and its reading awakened in my mind a sense of similarity of sentiment, and led me to select it as well for its peculiarity, as for the train of reflections which it excited in my mind.

LINES

> I have seen this spot before—
> 'Tis a strange, mysterious truth;
> Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,
> In childhood or in youth;
> I know these ruins gray,
> I know these cloisters dim—
> My soul hath been in these walls away,
> When slumber chains each limb
>
> In a dream, a midnight dream,
> I have stood upon this heath,
> And beyond this blue and winding stream,
> And the lonely vale beneath;
> The same dark sky was there,
> With its bleak shade on my brow,
> The same deep feeling of despair,
> That clings about me now
>
> Friend, 'tis a fearful spell,
> That binds these ruins gray;
> Why came my spirit here to dwell,
> When my frame was far away?
> Can the wild and soaring soul
> Go out on its eagle sweep,
> And traverse earth without control,
> While the frame is wrapt in sleep?
>
> Hath memory caught a gleam
> From a life whose term is o'er,
> And borne it back in that mystic dream—
> Say, have I lived before?
> Or was prophetic power
> To that midnight vision lent?
> Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower?
> Speak! thou art eloquent

CALICO PRINTING.

We find the following statistics in relation to calico printing in the Rochester Democrat:—The first effort of the art was made by a company in Taunton, Massachusetts, in 1825, when calicoes were from three to six times their present price. The pioneer enterprise failed, but other manufactories started up. The gradual decline of duties on foreign prints after 1832, affected the prosperity of the American works, but they took a fresh start under the last tariff. The revival of business has given them new vigor, and the number of machines now in operation is one hundred and twenty. In 1836 over 150,000,000 yards of calicoes were imported. Last year the importations fell off to 15,000,000 yards, while the American prints made in 1843, reached the enormous amount of 158,028,000 yards, worth $14,000,000. The capital employed in all branches of the business is not far from $8,000,000. The tables are now turned, and instead of importing, the United States are beginning to export calicoes. In quality, the domestic article will fairly compete with the foreign.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

As all particulars relative to favorite authors are pleasant to their readers, we copy a few facts about "Charlotte Elizabeth." She is a Mrs. Tonna, whose first husband was a clergyman, with whom she did not live very harmoniously, owing to some peculiarities of his temper. Her present husband is Secretary to one of the London institutions, and is ten years or more younger than his wife. They are said to live together very happily. Mr. and Mrs. Tonna resided at Blackheath, county of Kent, about five miles from London.

A JOCKEY-TRICK.

The Boston Post tells a good story of a gentleman who bought a fine-looking horse, but, on attempting to go over to Charlestown, found he could not prevail on him to cross a bridge—a trick he had got. He accordingly advertised him for sale, certifying that the horse was sound, and sold for no fault "except the owner wished to leave the city." It he had added the words "and could'nt," he would have told the whole story. That "gentleman" will do, without a flash waistcoat.

A SECRET LOST.

Most of our readers doubtless remember the announcement made a few years ago of a wonderful discovery which had been made in Italy, by which human flesh could be preserved in a petrified state, and still retain its original color. We had lost sight of and forgotten this curious statement, until the other day we encountered a letter in the National Intelligencer, written from Florence by Dr. Thomas Sewall of Washington. The Dr. Says:

"Here I found many things in my own profession particularly worthy of notice. The first is the anatomical cabinet of models in wax, the largest and most perfect in the world, exhibiting every organ and tissue of the human body in its natural state. The next is the lymphatic preparations made by the celebrated Marcan; thirdly, the specimens in morbid anatomy which have been accumulating for years in the Museum of the College; and, lastly, the petrifactions of the lamented Sagato. That you may the better understand the subject, I must here give you a few words touching the history of Sagato.—He was an ingenious Italian, who a few years ago discovered a process by which the human body could be converted into stone in about two weeks time, each part still retaining its natural structure, organization, and color. I saw the leaf of a centre table which was composed of the different tissues and organs of the human body which Sagato had petrified, arranged in the form of mosaic work, the whole of which admitted of a fine polish. I recognized several parts of the body by the color and form which entered into the composition of this table. I examined also, serpents, fishes, and several separate parts of the human body thus preserved. The importance of this discovery was seen and appreciated by the medical profession, but, while the government had the subject of rewarding Sagato and of purchasing his secret under consideration, he became impatient and dissatisfied with so slow a movement, and was taken sick of fever. While in a state of delirium he threw all the papers which contained an account of the process in the fire.

"Just before he expired he came to himself, regretted the loss of his papers, and made an effort to communicate the secret, but he was too feeble to do so; and thus was lost this important discovery about four years since. In less than three weeks after Sagato's death proposals were received from three different sources, the acceptance of either of which would have made him independent for life. Various efforts have been made to recover the secret, and a young physician of Italy has discovered the method of petrifying bodies, but not of retaining the natural color. There is is one other object of much interest at Florence which I must mention. It is the Orthopedic Institution of Tuscany for the cure of crooked limbs, club feet, curved spine, wry neck, &c. It is under the direction of an eminent physician, and is patronized by the government. I met here young ladies from England, Scotland, America and different parts of the continent of Europe, some of whom were quite restored and ready to return to their friends."

TERRIBLE ACCOUNT.

The survivors of the defenders of Baltimore made arrangements to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Baltimore on Tuesday, but we regret to state that the festivities of the day were marred by a frightful accident. The "defenders of Baltimore" paid a visit to their brother patriots in the ancient borough of York. When eight miles from the latter place, a distressing accident took place to the train occupied by these persons. An axletree of one of the passenger cars suddenly broke, causing the one behind it to rush with terrible effect into the former, whereby the most serious consequences ensued. Two of the cars were thrown from the track, and in the contact, one with the other, the persons *standing on the platform* between the cars, sustained fearful injuries. Those in the cars escaped. The scene was of a most distressing character. The sufferers were lying by the road side, extended upon cushions taken from the cars; happily, assistance was at hand, and such relief was extended to them as the nature of their injuries required.

Among those dangerously injured we find the following:—

John Cooper, of the Defenders, a ship joiner of Fell's Point; his left leg is apparently lacerated, his head cut, and other injuries, which, with his advanced age, will probably cause the loss of his life.

Mr. Peter McCabe, of Baltimore, engaged at the Susquehanna depot, has both legs broken, and is evidently in a very low condition.

Mr. Samuel Childs, coachmaker, of Baltimore, seriously hurt, and is very low.

David Pugh, foreman of the gas house, has both thighs broken, and is otherwise injured.

Many others were more or less hurt, but none dangerously, except those mentioned above. This most painful misadventure completely marred the enjoyment of the day, and will make its anniversary one of sorrow to many families. Another casualty occurred in Baltimore. In firing a salute sponging the piece was neglected, and the charge prematurely exploded.

Frederick Henn, of the New York National Grays, who was assisting a soldier from the Fort, named ———, who had undertaken to charge the gun, were before the muzzle of the piece, and of course received in their faces the ——— of the explosion. It is feared Mr. Henn will lose one ———, it being rendered entirely blind for the time being. The entire side of the face is much injured. The face of ——— is still more burned. He was taken to the Fort ——— utterly unable to see.

AN HONEST OLD MAN.

The New Haven Courier states that Deacon Nathan Beers, of that city, recently received about $3000, rear pay, to which he was entitled as an officer of the revolutionary army. He had been an active soldier in the revolution. After the war was over, he engaged in business, but in 1820 he failed, and paid off his confidential creditors, as one class was called, but the ordinary creditors received nothing, until about ten years since, when out of his pension he paid them fifteen per cent. When he recently received his back pay of $3000, he immediately divided it among his creditors, notwithstanding he is ninety years of age, and the debts long since were outlawed, and no legal claims existed against him. Such an act of generosity the creditors and their surviving heirs would have rejected at once, but he resisted, and insisted upon their receiving their several amounts, although the money was the reward of his services, for toil and peril endured during the revolutionary struggle.

ANOTHER FORGERY.

A few months since a man named J. C. Whitmore contracted with government to make "Friction Primers," an article used for exploding artillery, of which he was the inventor, to the amount of $25 000 for the Government; the terms were that they were to be furnished at $15 per thousand. Whitmore, however, by representing the sum offered at $50 per thousand, induced a man named Burr to engage in the business with him and to advance $1000 in cash. He employed about one hundred hands, and was supposed to be doing a thriving business. Last week, however, some drafts on government, which had been cashed by a New Haven Bank, in advance, upon being presented to the proper officer in New York for payment, proved to be forgeries. The amount of these drafts was $2400. Whether Whitmore has pursued a similar course with other banks, remains to be discovered. He has absconded.

SINGULAR—IF TRUE.

The Spirit of the Times tells a story to which affidavit has not yet been made before an Alderman. We presume the account was furnished by the "exclusive reporter," on which the Spirit prides itself. All our readers know that there was a scandalous fight among the firemen on Sunday morning last, near the corner of Fifth and Race—and we sincerely trust the miscreants engaged in it will be sent to Moyamensing. But all do not know how the neighborhood eventually got rid of the noise and nuisance. It seems that it happened to be near Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill establishment, and discovering that the watch and the police could do nothing with the mob, a shrewd fellow induced Mr. Wright to throw a quantity of his pills out of the window into the melee. The effect was wonderful and instantaneous! They began to "work" directly; and in five minutes "cleared out" the rioters completely!

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Mr. John Davis, a traveller, was robbed on the 28th ult., on the public highway, in Cambria county, between one of the inclined planes of the Portage Railroad and the town of Ebensburg. He was met by three men, who, after unsuccessfully asking him for fifty cents, pulled him from his horse, and robbed him of thirty-four dollars. They attempted to stab him; and, had not the point of the dirk knife which was aimed at him come in contact with a silver half dollar in his waistcoat-pocket, his life would most probably have been lost. One of the robbers held a pistol to his head, threatening him with instant death if he made any resistance.

YUCATAN.

Late advices from Yucatan represent the authorities as making preparations for an expected renewal of the contest with Santa Anna. It was said the terms he proposed as the basis of peace would not be accepted. They were, in brief, that the Yucatecos are to collect their duties according to the present form, and their general interior regulations will be continued. Their troops are to aid Santa Anna in foreign war, and he will retain some Mexican troops at Laguna.

THE UNITED BOWMEN.

The sixteenth Annual Prize Meeting of the United Bowmen was held on Wednesday afternoon, at Sherwood, on Washington Lane, Ridge Road. The "butts" were placed at seventy-two yards apart, and the shooting commenced at four o'clock. Fourteen rounds of six arrows each were discharged, two hundred and twelve of which struck the target, valuing in the aggregate seven hundred and twenty-six "points." The shooting was of more than usual excellence. A great number of shots having been lodged in the "gold," or centre of the target, and the award of prizes at the close was as follows:

The Club Bowl to Franklin Peale, Esq., 31 hits—value 117, four of them being in the "gold."

The second prize, a silver cup, to J. C. Booth, Esq. 21 hits—value 77.

The third prize, a silver cup, to Titian R. Peale, Esq., for the hit nearest the centre, the arrow having lodged exactly in the centre of the "gold."

The fourth prize, or Donomian as it is called by the Club, to W. H. W. Darley, Esq. This prize is a silver arrow, and like the bowl, is retained by the winner for one year only.

VIOLENT STORM.

Much injury was done to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, by a heavy fall of rain, on the morning of the 7th inst. A culvert at Peacher's Mill, about two miles west of Harper's Ferry, about thirty feet deep, and extending seventy feet along the track, was entirely washed away; and at Little Cacapon, more than three hundred feet of the road was destroyed. Great damage was done at several other points, and the effect was to stop, for a time, the transit of all passengers and merchandise. The officers of the Company, on learning the extent of the injury, went to work vigorously, and now, the whole line of the road has been sufficiently repaired to admit of trade and transportation going on as usual. This fact speaks volumes in favor of the energy and ability of the Company and its agents.

A VETERAN.

A Dumfries, Scotland paper, states that old Sergeant Reid, who was in the ranks at the battle of Bunker Hill and an actor in many other deeds of arms, still survives, although in the 108th year of his age; but he is no longer able to sit at the door, basking himself in the sun, and crooning or lilting songs he learned in youth, or at mess table, when he had become a tall athletic, powerful man. A short time ago he was struck with paralysis, which deprived him of the power of locomotion. When visited lately, he was found fast asleep; his breathing unimpeded, his chest broad and deep, and his arms brawny and muscular as ever.

THE CARTER TRIAL.

The defence in the case of Carter, on trial in New Jersey, charged with the murder of the Castner family, have riddled down the circumstantial evidence for the prosecution, pretty effectually. The letter on which so much stress has been laid, is shown not to have been sent until two days after the murder; and the weight of the testimony against the accused appears to be narrowed down to the fact that he was very poor just before the murder and quite flush after it. The case has by this time gone to the jury.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, (England) August 17th, 1843.

Pray do not imagine that you have all the modern prophecies to yourselves, in the rhapsodies of Father Miller and Joe Smith; for we can match, aye, and even beat you as far as the "probabilities" are concerned. For example—a few weeks since, a well known French lady, *Madame Le Normand,* died in Paris. When dying, she uttered many predictions, two of which I send you, as being particularly adapted to the present moment. Your readers will set what value upon them they please:—

"England! England!! For thee the day of Expiation approaches. Ireland rejoice! The hour of Vengeance has struck; thy tribune prepares thy deliverance. Now I see Blood, Battles, on all sides the horrors of Destruction. Scaffolds are erected. Unfortunate Queen! Victoria should not be thy name, for thou art Vanquished!!!"

The next is singularly applicable to Spanish affairs at the present moment:—

"King of Spain by right of legitimacy, Listen! Look about and know how to profit by circumstances. A Crown will soon fall, and to pick it up, thou wilt have but one day, but one hour, but one moment!"

Now, as Ireland and Spain are the two countries that occupy the attention of all Europe, just now, these predictions have naturally excited a sensation—particularly among the credulous and superstitious.

The excitement in Ireland still continues. As the newspapers teem with particulars, it would be a work of supererogation on my part to dwell upon the subject, further than to say that the people here are singularly apathetic in relation to it. The whole matter creates little concern or uneasiness beyond the precincts of Government and Parliament. Sir Robert Peel seems to have two alternations in his policy—one, that in the event of open revolt, he is prepared for the ———; the other, that if the agitation be left to itself, it will die out for want of fuel; and the Ministers argue that opposition would not only supply it with fuel, but kindle a fire into the bargain. On thing is clear, namely—that it is not mixed up with the powerful Whig opposition against the present Ministry, for O'Connell has declared that he will have nothing to do with the Whigs, for when they were in power, they were quite as bad as the Tories, if not worse. Therefore, says he—

> "——— a plague on both your houses!
> Capulet and Montague."

There is, however, one feature in the excitement, which becomes more prominent every day, and that is, that it is fast merging into a question between Catholics and Protestants. True, a few, but only a few of the "Orange" (Protestant) party have gone over; but the circumstance of mass being publicly performed at the great meetings in the open air, imparts a religious tinge to all the proceedings. There is one noble trait in the character and policy of O'Connell—that of keeping the peace, and also keeping within the limits of the law and Constitution. There can be no doubt that the agitation will result in important concessions to Ireland; but not, probably, until the present popular fever has subsided. Indeed, Sir Robert Peel has declared that the Government would not consider the matter under any threats, either expressed or implied. Another of Ireland's great men is producing quite a reform in London. I mean Father Mathew, who is holding immense meetings in and near the Metropolis, and inducing thousands and tens of thousands to take the Temperance pledge. His victories are more brilliant, and far more useful to mankind than the triumphs of an Alexander or a Cæsar!

The sceptre has passed from the Regent, Espartero, in Spain. But I do not imagine for a moment that the Peninsula is about to enjoy repose. No! Within a few months, another revolution will doubtless convulse that unhappy land, which seems in some unaccountable manner, to be delivered over to faction, anarchy and bloodshed. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving you one little anecdote, culled from many that have been circulated in relation to the Spanish civil war. The city of Seville was bombarded by Espartero, and defended by General Figuera. During the seige, the General feared for the safety of his wife, and wrote her the following letter:

"My dear Marie:—The enemy has opened his fire; I will increase mine, which has already done him much injury. Be not alarmed. Should you, however, fear the bombs, go wherever you think you will be in safety. I am certain of success. Adieu."

The following was the reply of the soldier's wife. It will be recorded in history, as the answer of a heroine.

"My dear Francisco:—It is many days since I came to the resolution to wait at my post as a soldier, the will of God. Here will I, if called on, bind up the wounds of my son and loving husband. My departure would be an act unworthy thy wife, unworthy the mother of your children. May the Almighty preserve you in the hour of danger, and may glory and success crown your patriotic efforts. Adieu."

Figuera was successful, and Espartero retired from before the walls.

I hardly know whether you will be pleased to hear that we have every prospect of an abundant harvest, as such news seems to imply that little or no wheat will be wanted from America. Yet such is the probability at present. By the way, I have often thought that your political writers commit an error, when they imagine that the entire abolition of the British Corn Laws would be followed by an immense export of wheat from the United States into England. Now, that trade does not depend upon the Corn Laws so much as on the *price* of American wheat. For example—when there is a short crop here, wheat is imported (whether the Corn Laws be high or low) from the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean. Therefore, whenever American wheat is lower in price than the grain from those parts of the world—it will find a ready market; but if higher, there is naturally no demand from it in this country. I observe that at this time, and indeed very often, American wheat is from 2d to 6d per bushel higher than a similar article from the parts of the world I have mentioned. Believe me, if you could sell it at a lower rate, this country would take half, perhaps the whole of your surplus produce. The hint should not be lost sight of, for the benefit of all parties concerned. I am aware that it will not equally apply to flour, as your wonderful facilities for grinding, enable you to sell as low, but certainly not lower than other nations. Your cottons are up, and still looking upwards on this side the Atlantic; but the new Tariff has greatly decreased the export of manufactures to you from this country. Consequently the balance of trade is completely turned in your favor.

I have very little chit-chat to send you to-day, and will therefore confine myself to a somewhat curious movement in the literary world. The *Marquis de Custine,* a French nobleman, has written a scathing work on Russia, exposing a vast amount of what society would call *mauvais ton,* and what civilized nations would term barbarism and tyranny. This work has excited the greatest interest in the fashionable world; the noble author was admitted to the Imperial family circle and treated quite as a friend, but this has not prevented his publishing some home truths and piquant anecdotes on the subject of the tyranny of the Russian Government. The Russians here are furious at the book; the Emperor of Russia has read it aloud to his domestic circle, often stopping to comment upon it; this intelligence comes from a person who was present at some of the readings. The King of Prussia has also had the work read to him by the Baron de Humboldt. M. de Balzac, the very clever romance writer, has left Paris for Russia, and I hear from the best authority, that the Emperor is to pay his journey, on condition that he refutes M. de Custine.

On dit, that you Yankees are the most sensitive people in creation, if a writer publishes any thing that does not harmonize with your ideas of national greatness. But really you are philosophers in this particular, when compared with the Autocrat of the North. You see that he has entered the lists, all in a foam, and to conduct the battle properly, he has actually *hired* a champion to break a lance with that French Dickens, *le Marquis de Custine.* Balzac, the Emperor's Champion, will be munificently paid, if he will only refute Custine's work, which is entitled "Russia in 1839." A treaty has been made to that effect, and some of the articles of this extraordinary treaty have been published by one of the Paris journals:—"M. de Balzac shall be received at St. Petersburgh with all the honors due to his talent. The Government places at his disposal a palace, situated in the finest quarter of the city, to be newly decorated and luxuriously furnished by the Intendant of the *Menus-plaisirs* of the crown. He shall have eight servants, four horses, a Berlin, a sledge, and a table of *six* covers, kept up at the expense of the State. The French author shall enjoy all the privileges granted to a Russian gentleman; he will have the right to administer the knout to his servants. He will be received at the large and small parties of the court, and invited to all the fêtes which the ministers, ambassadors, and other great persons may give. During the summer, he shall have an apartment in one of the Imperial residences, and if he should wish to visit the provinces, the relays of the court shall be at his service." There are more articles to this Treaty—that is, if it be truly described by the Parisians, but they are too long for the limits of a letter. They are chiefly, that:—M. Balzac is to reside five years in Russia.

That he is to write five volumes on Russia.

That the Emperor will reward him with a fortune.

If he be a poet, he will surely come out with a few odes—"*Ad Cilnium Mæcenatem*"—or "*Ad Augustum*"—as of old, after the manner of the great master of the ancient Roman lyre. Truly Yours, &c.

General News.

A Struggle with a Tiger.—We learn, says the Pittsburg American, that the keeper of the Menagerie lately here, while exhibiting in New Castle, Mercer, entered the den of wild beasts as was his wont, and whilst playing with his savage customers had his arm dreadfully torn by the tiger. He was lying on his back at the time, and with great presence of mind, he raised his foot, and with a sudden exertion of it, threw the tiger from and gained his feet; and awing the brute back by his manner, retired from the cage, and fainted from the effects of the wound. It is feared his arm will have to be amputated.

A Cool Rascal.—Immediately after the report of the robbery of the Milbury Bank, Jeremiah Larned, one of those arrested since for the robbery, went and presented eight hundred dollars, in Milbury Bank bills, to the cashier for payment, on pretence that the report would have an unfavorable effect on the bank. The cashier paid him the amount in other funds, and soon after Abijah came with eight hundred dollars more. The cashier hesitated some time about paying him, but finally he consented to receive one hundred dollars for his present purposes, and wait a day or two for the remainder.

Molasses from Corn.—Mr. William Keyes, of Quincy, Ill., has succeeded in making very good molasses out of the common sweet corn. On the 19th of August, (he says in a communication to the Quincy Whig) he cut off the tops, and "took a dearborn load to the mill at Theopolis, prepared for the purpose, and pressed about eleven gallons of juice, which I immediately evaporated at two charges to about two and a half gallons of molasses; the first charge I did not succeed well in clarifying, and scorched it; the second, I think, succeeded very well."

A Noble Act.—Some two years since, the extensive commission house of S. S. Shelton & Co., of Boston, failed, in consequence of reverses in business—and their creditors compounded with them for fifty cents on the dollar, giving them a complete discharge. We learn from the Atlas that P. S. Shelton, the senior member of the firm, who, by his industry and good fortune has since accumulated some property, on Tuesday of last week, made a new dividend of twenty five per cent. upon the full amount of the cancelled demands against his former house.

Rather Precipitate.—When the fact of the Milbury Bank having been robbed of a package of its bills was first announced, it was remarked that these bills on that bank had been paid out by a storekeeper. Search warrants were issued, the store was ransacked from garret to cellar, and the persons who kept it were arrested and examined. Then, for the first time, the question was asked *when* the money had been paid, and it was found that it had been paid five days *before* the robbery occurred.

A Discovery.—Capt. Cooke, of the United States Dragoons, stationed at Fort Levenworth, has discovered a new kind of grass which grows wild in that section of country, and which he thinks will prove a valuable addition to the agricultural interest of the country. The rich grain which it bears forms the principal food of countless herds of Buffaloes on the Prairies. Capt. Cooke picked a pint of the grain with his fingers, and intends to send it to the National Institute, by the first opportunity.

A Veteran.—A gallant old "seventy-sixer," Major William Buchanan, now in his 96th year, has arrived in Washington to make his eighteenth draft of pension allowed him by Government. He still walks without tottering, and speaks distinctly. He was out with Marion in the Carolina swamps, and belonged to a brigade of horse during the Southern campaign, of which he bears the tokens in the shape of scars.

An Immense Iron Mine has been discovered at Canton, Md., extending along the shore as well as some distance into the river. The outer edge of the mine has been walled up, and large quantities of ore have been raised, which good judges pronounce to be equal in quality to any that has been discovered in the United States. One of the largest iron furnaces in the country is now in progress of erection near the place.

A Mammoth Squash.—The Columbus (Geo.) Inquirer says:—"A monster, of the squash species, has been presented to us by Mr. Ira Allen, of Stewart co. We have been raised measurably on *simblins,* but this little sample rather makes us ashamed of our fetching up. It is about five feet in circumference, weighs seventy-three pounds, and seems from its greenness not to be yet grown."

☞ The last Maysville, Ky., Eagle, contains a letter dated the 4th inst., which states that on that evening, when the steamer Ohio Mail was a short distance below Augusta, Ky., a deck passenger named Brown, said to be laboring under mania a potu, threw a young man into the river from the after guards of the boat, and then jumped overboard. Both were drowned.

☞ During the prevalence of a thunder storm at New Orleans on the 3d inst., a saw mill at the old basin was struck by lightning, and the owner, Mr. D. petilly, so severely shocked, that he remained in an asphyxiated condition for more than an hour.

☞ The Boston Mercantile Journal of Saturday says:—"The country never looked better than at the present time. The fields and pastures are of a deep green—and the farmers in many places are getting their second crops of clover and others kinds of hay in. Indian corn looks well, and if the frost will hold off a short time longer, a large crop may be expected."

The Tyler Estates.—A Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, says:—President, since his accession, has bought himself a farm in Williamsburgh, Va., for which, it is said, he has paid $12,000. An estate which for many years he has owned in Kentucky, has lately much increased in value from the discovery of a coal mine within its boundaries.

Prolific.—A negro woman, nearly 56 years of age, belonging to a creole family in the parish of St. Landry, has had *thirty five children.* Her first child was born at the age of twenty-five. She gave birth to twins five times, to triplets three times. Twenty of her children are at present living. These facts are stated on the authority of an Opelousas paper.

Falling Away.—A letter in the New York Tribune, dated "Keokuk, Iowa Territory, Aug 27th," states that during this Spring and Summer, the Mormons have had great additions principally from England; symptoms of disloyalty to Joe Smith, are already becoming apparent, and there are many who do not hesitate openly to manifest it.

☞ The present Mayor of St. beville, in the Manche, France, who is 82 years old, has filled the office for more than fifty years, having uninterruptedly continued to hold under the Republic, the Consulate, the Empire, the first Restoration, the Hundred Days, the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and the Revolution of July, and Louis Philippe.

Fraud in Indigo.—The Bostonians have discovered spurious indigo in their market. A chemist says:—"On testing the so-called Manilla indigo, I found it to contain Prussian blue, and chromate of iron, with potash, and not a particle of indigo." Legal proceedings have been instituted against the sellers of the spurious article.

The Long Island Murder.—The trial of Antoine Geisler, for the murder of the old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in Suffolk county, Long Island, was terminated at River Head, on Friday night of last week, at twelve o'clock, by the jury rendering a verdict of *guilty.* The sentence of court will be suspended until May next.

Sentenced.—Young Corson, who was arrested and indicted at Bangor for the robbery of the post office, by abstracting a letter containing a check for $500, has been arraigned before the United States District Court at Wiscasset, where he plead guilty, and was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the county jail.

A Liverpool Liner Turned a Whaler.—The Splendid New York Ship South America, has been sold to Messrs. Fletcher & Brothers, Providence, R. I., for $18,000 cash—wines, plate &c., included. She will proceed forthwith on a whaling voyage, with all her stylish appurtenances and small stores.

A Dog Picked up at Sea.—The ship Oswego, at New York from Liverpool, on the 27th ult., on the Grand Banks, picked up a large Newfoundland dog. The noble animal, when taken up, was nearly exhausted. It is probable he fell overboard from some fishing smack in that vicinity.

Large Fees.—The Journal of Commerce states that the fees of the Clerk in that District, in bankruptcy, have amounted to fifty thousand dollars, and those of the assignee, Mr. Waddell, to one hundred thousand, while the Courier has received over twenty thousand for advertisements.

☞ The Troy, (N. Y.) Budget says, that a Camp Meeting recently held at Sand Lake, was greatly disgraced by repeated riots and other disturbances. A lad, a resident of Troy, was so injured in a fight that he died, and a man named Evert King, was stabbed in an affray and much injured.

The Smiths will have a pretty strong delegation in the next Congress. Robert goes from Illinois, Thomas and Caleb go from Indiana, and John is a candidate in Vermont. If some of the Smiths are unfortunate, there are others of the family who can boast of better luck.

An Attack upon a Bank.—A German entered the Bank of St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago, and demanded a share of the "hard." He grabbed at a stack of gold, but the teller disputed the right of seizure in the German, and Herr was grabbed by the police.

☞ The Hon. Minthorn Tompkins, of Staten Island, New York, has presented a lot of ground to the ladies of the Samaritan Society, upon which to build a commodious edifice or manufactory for the accommodation and employment of destitute females.

☞ A Mr. John Stoddard, has a plantation of Pine Apples on Danfuskie Island, Georgia, and it is stated by the Savannah Georgian, confidently expects that this delicious exotic can be successfully cultivated in that region.

New Coal Mine.—A coal mine has been discovered in driving the Old Tunnel, two miles west of Mauch Chunk, of about fifteen feet thick—an important discovery, as it is so near the place of shipment.

☞ A young man, a clerk in the drug store of Mr. Norbert Fortier, in New Orleans, committed suicide on the 2d inst., by swallowing some prussic acid in a cup of tea. He was mentally deranged at the time.

☞ A lad, only 17 years of age, who has been employed for some time past as a mail carrier between Winesburgh and New Garden, Ohio, has been arrested for stealing letters from the mail bags.

☞ The Concord, Mass., Railroad Company have on their road five locomotive engines, named the Amoskeag, Piscataqua, Hooksett, Penacook, and Souhegan. Regular jaw breakers.

☞ The Lawrence Manufacturing Company, at Lowell, have just declared a dividend of five per cent., for six months, reserving nearly an equal amount of profits.

☞ The Kanhawa (Va.) Republican, comes to us dressed in mourning, for the death of the Hon. Lewis Summers, one of the Judges of the General Court of that State.

☞ Rev. John O. Chowles, a highly esteemed clergyman of New York, has accepted the call of a Baptist Church in Roxborough, near Boston.

☞ The corner stone of a new Methodist Episcopal Church was laid in Sands street, Brooklyn, L. I., on Tuesday.

Local Intelligence

Democratic City Ticket.—The following is the Democratic City ticket:—

For Mayor—Samuel H. Perkins.

For Congress—Joseph C. Neal.

House of Representatives—Charles V. Hagner, George Emlen, Henry Horn, N. B. Leidy, John F. Read.

Select Council—Robert Ewing, J. A. Phillips, Thomas Roney, Ferris Price.

Common Council—James Page, Robert Allen, David C. Skerrett, Daniel P. Bussier, Wm. Camm, John M. Read, William Geisse, Thomas C. Bunting, Samuel Beatty, George Smith, James M. Linnard, Henry S. Patterson, Evan Rogers, L. M. Troutman, Allen Robbinett, Jacob Reed, James Bell, G. O. Westcott, T. B. Florence, James Keith.

The Whig Council Ticket.—The Whig Delegates of the city have made the following nominations for Select and Common Council. *For Select Council*—Thomas C. Rockhill, Charles Gilpin, John Tucker, Wm Morris. *For Common Council*—J. C. Davis, Jacob Senneff, Henry C. Corbit, C. A. Poulson, Samuel Norris, N. Gordon, Owen Sheridan, George Campbell, Isaac Barton, Thomas Snowden, J. R. Flannegan, C. A. Repplier, T. C. Percival, James J. Boswell, Wm. L. Maddock, J. E. Hagert, Andrew R. Chambers, John Devereaux, A. J. Lewis, Peter McCall.

Whig County Ticket.—The Whig County Delegation, have formed the following county ticket—*For Senate,* William Wagner, of Germantown. *For Assembly,* Peleg B. Savery, John D. Hardy, Southwark; Wm. Penn Feeney, Moyamensing; J. P. Steiner, William Macferran, Northern Liberties; John B Barrese, William Curry, Spring Garden; Charles Kullbaum, Kensington.

Improvements.—The improvements in the north and north-western parts of Spring Garden during the present season have been very extensive. Large rows of buildings have been put up beyond Green street, north, and Ninth street, west. No doubt two hundred houses have been erected and put in process of erection since the season commenced.

Fourth Congressional District.—The Whig Delegates of the Fourth Congressional District, have nominated William Connard as the candidate for Congress for that District, and selected Michael Day, of Kensington, as delegate to the National Convention.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.*

Notices of New Works

THE WIFE OF LEON, AND OTHER POEMS. By Two Sisters of the West. *New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is a volume invitingly got up in its exterior, and in typography elegant; preparing the reader to expect poetry of no ordinary merit. And we know that the publication was adventured upon, in these matter of fact days, when debutantes in verse would appear least to find encouragement, by advice of a writer whose charm to the character of a true poet is better settled than perhaps that of any other American. Not even the bitterness of partisan politics has ever found pretext to attack his poetry.

The poems of which this volume is composed, it is proper to state were written without any idea to their publication—and for no other audience than the family circle. But—unusual as is the case when the judgment of friends induces authors to appear in print, the soundness of that judgment will be found fully supported in this instance. We have not met in any recent publication so much of that spirit of true poesy, to which all minds tutored and untutored respond, as in this volume, the poems embrace a great variety of themes—in some places showing a Hemans-like power of thought and expression. We commend the work to the ladies; and to all gentlemen who would make a most acceptable present to the gentler sex.

The editor of the New York Evening Post, whose opinion we have already spoken of, thus speaks of the published work which he commended in manuscript: "It is the poetry of the affections expressed with great sweetness and naturalness, in graceful and flowing numbers." In another part of this day's paper will be found an extract from the work, with some prefatory observations, for which we are indebted to a friend.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND, FROM THE REVOLUTION, IN 1688, TO THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE SECOND. *By John Heneage Jesse. 3 vols 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* Mr. Jesse is widely known to the lovers of court gossips, as the author of Memoirs of the Court of England, under the reign of the Stuarts. He is an industrious collector of anecdotes illustrative of character; and as he gleans from sources untouched by more formal historians, he presents matter quite fresh to the general reader. A portion of it—and no large portion too—is any thing but creditable to courtly character; and in this, these volumes have great advantage in point of impartiality. They are not brought out under patronage of my Lord This, That, or The Other—and as the author strives, somewhat desperately at times, to make an interesting book, there is no concealing or glossing over courtly or royal vices. If what is sometimes called "the best blood" is pure now, it has unquestionably run occasionally in the past, in veins most contaminated. Many who are proud to trace their lineage and descent from high ancestry, might be ashamed to take those ancestors by the hand, could they be restored to earth again.

The—seven we think there are—of Mr. Jesse's volumes form an excellent appendix to English history, which no student would willingly forego the possession of. But adieu to the prestige of rank and antiquity, if you read such things! Kings and Courts are placed on their true level; and no republican can rise from the perusal without feeling a contempt for the petty weaknesses and vices of those whose big villainies have heretofore commanded a sort of respect. It is proper to add, however, that the picture is by no means all black.

THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. *Edited by Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. New York: H. W. Hewett. Philadelphia: Graham, 98 Chesnut Street.* In this number we have illustrations after Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Raffaelle, Domenicheno, Poussin, Cornelius, and others, and beautifully engraved initial letters. The work is now one-half completed, and as it appears semi-monthly, will now soon be ready for binding. We are gratified to understand that this work has received due appreciation and high approval at the hands of a very large portion of the religious public. Attention to family devotion can but be increased by a work like this, which secures the attention of all ages. To the aged the fine, large, clear, and distinct type, is a powerful inducement; and the beautiful illustrations secure the attention of persons of taste of all ages. It is, in a more aristical point of view no small consideration to possess in one volume, copies after the scripture—pieces of so many masters as are here presented. Nor do they fail to aid in the understanding of the text, by the glimpses which they give of the customs of the orientals to whom the gospel was first preached. The increasing popularity of illustrated works of all kinds, is a testimony to the excellence of the graphic, in aid of the typographic art.

THE HORSE, *by William Youatt. A New Edition, with Numerous Illustrations. Together with a General History of the Horse; a Dissertation on the American Trotting Horse, how Trained and Jockeyed, and an Account of his Remarkable Performances; and an Essay on the Ass and the Mule, Assistant Post Master General, and Editor of the Turf Register. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We have given the whole title of this work, as a better expression of its character and contents than we could devise. Those acquainted with the subject pronounce the book all that it professes to be. The part from the pen of Youatt has long been a turf classic in England, and the valuable additions by Mr. Skinner eminently adapt the book to the purposes of the American gentleman, and to all whose pursuits make a knowledge of that noble animal, the horse, necessary or convenient. It is very neatly printed, and altogether well got up.

DISCE VIVERE. LEARN TO LIVE. *By Christopher Sutton, D. D., late Prebend of Westminster. New York: Appletons. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is the first American edition of this work, and is printed in uniform style with the "Learn to Die" of the same author, large editions of which, have been published by the same house. To the many purchasers of the former volume, the announcement of this, its fitting companion will be sufficient; for no one who has the one will neglect to procure the other. This edition is printed from the last edition, published during the author's life time, that of 1626. The paper is good, and the typographical ornaments appropriate; giving to the reader that feeling with which he might hear "the voice of other days" in a fine old gothic cathedral.

THE AMERICAN POULTRY BOOK. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—This is a little manual which has received the unanimous approval of the Board of Agriculture of the American Institute. It treats of the management of poultry, and, indeed, of every thing which is desirable or useful to the raiser or consumer, and is, in few words, a practical and most excellent treatise.

ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.—No. 14.—This number brings the history down to the terrible struggle in Saxony, after the repulse of the allies from Dresden, the last pitched battle that Napoleon gained. Thereafter it was a scene of continued disaster for him—the bloody conflict around Leipsic, a tottering his army and made a retreat to the Rhine inevitable—disaster then fell on disaster like waves in a rising storm, and the tragedy was closed by his dethronement at Fontainbleau and exile to the wild rock of Helena. These events are pictured, in the pages before us, with a brilliancy that renders them more fascinating than the most finished romances. *Perkins & Purves, and Zieber & Co.*

POLYNESIA; OR A HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH SEA, INCLUDING NEW ZEALAND. *By the Right Rev. M. Russell, of St. Johns College, Oxford. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The main object of this work is stated in the Preface to be, to throw light on the introduction of Christianity and civilization into the South Sea, and to furnish material by which a clear judgment may be formed of the present results and the necessary future consequence of missionary labors. The work covers a great deal of ground, and is very interesting. It is accompanied by a map and vignette title; and forms 158 of the Family Library.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES FOR CIGAR SMOKING.—This is the title of a clever brochure, on sale at Zieber's, which should be in the hands of every lover of the weed. It is playfully and neatly written—take a specimen.

A CIGAR should never be lighted twice. If properly smoked it will retain its vitality, without a puff, for at least a minute: you have no excuse, therefore, for abbreviating its existence,—for suffering it to expire. But should "the berry-tinted Yarico"—the lady-love of your lips accidentally breathe her last unnoticed, meddle not with her corse—don't be a Vampire!"

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY.—The second number of this work has for an embellishment a mezzotint copy of Sir David Wilkie's Spanish Mother—a beautiful engraving. Among the selections we find articles from the Westminster Review, the New Monthly, Taits, Ainsworth's, Fraser's, and other magazines and journals. These selections are made with good taste and discrimination; and the number altogether presents an excellent variety of readable matter. It is fully equal to the first number of the new series, noticed by us a week or two since.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST DELINEATED. *In two Essays. By Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. From the last London edition. Philadelphia: James M. Campbell & Co.* This is an exceedingly neat edition of a well known and highly esteemed work. It is uniform with the other publications of Campbell & Co., and combines cheapness with clear type, fine white paper, and a wholesome handsome appearance.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* No. 14 of this work is out, and has for its illustration a plate of engravings of agricultural implements. Two more numbers complete the work, although to put the residue of it into two numbers will make them far above the average size—double or treble.

ONE HUNDRED ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE, *Selected and Annotated by Leigh Hunt.*—This is a singular and amusing collection, made by a man who has done as much literary cobbling of all sorts, as any writer living. When we say all sorts, we mean all creditable sorts, of course. *Zieber & Co.*

PERIODICAL DEPOT.—Leigh Hunt's new work "One Hundred Romances of Real Life," the latest numbers of all the serials, and all other new publications, as fast as published are received at 98 Chesnut Street.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.—The fifteenth and sixteenth numbers of this valuable work have been issued by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard. It places a complete library of Geography in the reach of every family.

FIRE SIDE RECOLLECTIONS. *By Mrs. Ellis. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* Two pleasant little stories, by a favorite writer, whose every work is sure to sell.

☞ Whately's Kingdom of Christ, Campbell's edition, has been received at the Periodical Depot, No. 98 Chesnut street.

Correspondence.

WEED'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

SCOTLAND—ROB ROY'S FASTNESSES, &c., &c.

Scotland, the birth place of Burns, and of Scott, the land of Lake and Mountain, is revealing her beauties to my admiring eyes. Nor in her case does the reality disappoint the expectation. Scotia's bards have scarcely taken a Poet's license in their description of her Lake and Highland scenery. I have had as yet but a day's enjoyment among them, but that is sufficient to enable me to attest the fidelity of those who have celebrated the picturesque charms of the Clyde, Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond, Loch Long, &c., &c.

We left the Belfast steamer at an early hour this morning at this town, in whose harbor there is an appearance of considerable commercial activity. It has, I learn, several ships constantly employed in the East India trade. It is situated on the Clyde, under the brow of a hill, along which its principal street extends for more than a mile. On the opposite side the hills of Argyleshire and Dumbartonshire are seen. As an evidence of the pride and enterprise of the citizens of Greenock, it is stated that when the Government was about to erect a Custom-House, they subscribed and paid $10,000 to insure the construction of one that is now an ornament to their town. Greenock is the birth-place of the justly celebrated Watt, of whom there is a splendid statue by Chantry, in Westminster Abbey.

After an early breakfast we took the steamer for an excursion through the Lakes. The morning was dark and rainy, not, however, without a bow of promise in the west; and soon after we were afloat on the Clyde, the sun appeared to brighten a genial sky, and to bless a beautifully verdant landscape. Soon after 9 o'clock, Dumbarton Castle, lifting its two frowning cold rock Towers high up in the clouds, attracted our attention. Arriving opposite the Castle, the steamer lay off in the stream until passengers for Loch Lomond were despatched for the shore in a small boat. And this proved to be no sinecure job, for, in addition to some twenty passengers, there were two packs of dogs in leash, a litter of puppies in hamper, with liberal supplies of small arms, fishing tackle, ammunition, "provant," &c., &c., for gentlemen having deadly intentions toward grouse and trout. In good time, however, all were landed on the beach at the foot of Dumbarton Castle, and proceeded thence on foot to the ancient town of Dumbarton, from which place the sportsmen despatched cars for their "luggage."

Dumbarton Castle is a fortress of much historical interest. It is a rock in the Clyde measuring a mile in circumference at its base, and rising almost perpendicularly on all sides to the height of 560 feet. During the early Scottish Wars, this rock was always strongly fortified, but impregnable as it seems, it was once taken, in the night, by means of ladders, so placed as to enable a scaling party to ascend the most precipitous points. The assailing party was commanded by Capt. Crawford, who was personally the most efficient man in the daring and difficult enterprise. Sir William Wallace, after his capture, was for a long time confined on Dumbarton Rock, in a Tower still bearing his name. At the Union between Scotland and England, the former stipulated that Dumbarton Castle should always remain a fortification, with a garrison to protect its works. There are, therefore, detachments of Infantry and Artillery stationed there now.

In our drive to Loch Lomond, about two miles from Dumbarton, we passed the cottage in which Dr. Smollet was born. Farther on are highly cultivated grounds and a stately mansion, owned and occupied by a descendant of Smollet.

We were joined at the foot or outlet of Loch Lomond, by a large and fashionable London party, among whom was a Diana Vernon in habit, hat, manners, &c., but I doubt much whether Mr. Francis Osbaldistone would have discovered in this "counterfeit presentment" much resemblance to the charming original. The party, consisting of about sixty, was taken in a large Durham boat from the Balloch Suspension Bridge, to the steamer that lay puffing off her high pressure steam out in the Lake; and when aboard and under way a scene opened as rich and beautiful as painter or poet ever imagined. Loch Lomond is 28 miles long, and varies in breadth from half a mile to five miles. It is studded with Islands, some of which are half or three-quarters of a mile long, while others are but a few rods. "Inch Murrin," the largest island in the Loch, belongs to the Duke of Montrose, and hundreds of Deer are seen feeding and sporting as you pass. When we came in sight of Ben Lomond, his head was hid in the mist, but as we approached, the veil was rent, and a splendid spectacle presented itself. Ben Lomond is 3200 feet above the level of the Lake, and taken in connexion with the objects that surround it, is eminently bold and striking. But it is not to any single object that this tour owes its attractions. The charm is continuous and variegated. Of the 33 Islands in Loch Lomond, some are rocky and precipitous, others are of even surface and carpeted with verdure, while others are handsomely wooded. There is one view which reminds you strongly of West Point, though it lacks the grandeur of the scene. At another place you seem as at a pass in the Massachusetts Railroad, running into the mountain without any possibility of any opening.

This tour, it will be recollected, takes you into the country of the Mac Gregors. These hills are memorable for the protection and impunity they gave to Rob Roy. It was from these mountain fastnesses that Rob Roy used to make his incursions upon the herds and flocks of his Lowland neighbors. And it was here, when pursued, that he used to hurl destruction upon his enemies. You are pointed, in passing, to a shelving rock, still called "Rob Roy's Rock," from which it is said he used to suspend gentlemen who refused to pay him black mail. Without inquiring into the authenticity of this tradition, I sought for points of interest in relation to which there is no question; for there are localities, you know, connected with Rob Roy's history, attested by a writer of eminent and veritable character and accuracy. It was to this region that Rob Roy despatched "Bailie Nicol Jarvie" and "Frank Osbaldistone," under guidance of "creature Dugald." The "Clachan of Aberfoil," where the Bailie flourished the "hot poker" with such gallantry and effect, is situated a few miles from the Loch, and out of sight; but I was enabled to trace their route into the Highlands, along the precipices bordering Loch Lomond. And I either identified or imagined the narrow pass where Capt. Thornton was hailed by Rob Roy's wife, who stood out boldly upon overhanging rock above, with a man's bonnet and feather, an unsheathed sword and pistol at her girdle, to "stand! and tell me what ye seek in the Mac Gregor's country!" And when assured by Captain Thornton that he "made no war on women," she replied: "Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither honor nor fame—my mother's bones will shrink from the contact when mine are laid beside them in the grave. Ye have left me neither home nor hold, neither cattle to feed nor flocks to clothe us. Ye have taken from us all—all—the very name of our ancestors, and now ye come for our lives."

And here, after the English officer, disregarding the caution of Helen Mac Gregor, had encountered a fire from her followers, which proved fatal to most of his men, and led to the capture of the survivors, I looked peeringly around for "the projecting branch of a hagged thorn which, catching hold of the Bailie's riding coat, supported him in mid air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in Ludgate Hill." Andrew Fairservice, with better fortune than the Bailie, attained a foothold on a cliff higher up, from which "he roared for mercy during the encounter, in Gaelic and English alternately, according to the side on which the scale of victory seemed to predominate." And finally, I almost saw the bubbles issuing from that portion of the Loch into which Helen Mac Gregor, while her blood was up, took hasty vengeance upon one of her husband's enemies, by ordering the wretch Morris manacled and weighted, "cast from the rock into the waters which settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence."

Miscellaneous News

CHEROKEE ELECTION.—The Arkansas Intelligencer of August 19th, says:—We have received full returns of the elections in the Cherokee Nation. A press of matter prevents us from publishing any thing more than the result, which is as follows:—Ross is elected Principal Chief, and Lowry, Assistant Principal Chief, by a majority of 923 votes; receiving nearly two thirds of the whole number of votes polled. National Committee 13 Ross men, 2 Vann men; Council 18 Ross men, 6 Vann men. On joint ballot 31 Ross men, and 9 Vann men.

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A number of boys collected in Baltimore, on Saturday afternoon last, were engaged in throwing decayed apples at colored persons as they passed, and as a colored drayman, David Chapman, came driving by, they threw at him, when he leaped from his dray, seized a heavy oak upright, and threw it with great force into the crowd of boys, and striking a youth about sixteen years of age, named Samuel Keirl, on the back of the head, felled him to the ground. His recovery is doubtful.

EXPLORING PARTY TO THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.—A party have received permission from the Department to take passage in the Levant, for the purpose of exploring the exterior of South America. It consists of J. G. Strain, P. Mid.; Edmund Christie, Dr. J. C. Reinhart, J. W. W. Dyes, master's mate, and Edward Donnelly. Mr. Strain, who originated the expedition, is distinguished for an active and adventurous disposition. We wish the party success in their enterprise.

ARREST OF A HOMICIDE.—A man named Michael Coligan was last week arrested on board the Ohio, at Boston, on a charge of killing Thomas Smith on board of the Preble, on the 23d of July, the very day she sailed from Malaga. He was brought before George T. Curtis, Esq., U. S. Commissioner. The evidence was so clear of the killing, that the witnesses were not cross-examined, and Coligan was committed for trial for manslaughter.

A WELL'S BOTTOM DROPPED OUT.—On Sunday morning last, a well about forty-five feet deep, on land of James C. Church, Esq., at the Narrows, L. I., which had been dry about eighteen months, and was well walled up with stone, suddenly sunk about fifteen feet, carrying with it the well-house, &c. A few minutes before the accident, a rumbling noise was heard by the inmates of the house near by.

ENGLISH MANUFACTORIES.—A London paper states that "the official reports show that the children of the working classes in most of our manufacturing districts are living in a state of blind ignorance and consequent immorality which would be a disgrace to any Christian people, and such as is not witnessed in any other country on the face of God's earth."

HARD TO CONVICT.—We notice that a man has been arrested in the Western part of New York, on a charge of setting fire to a steam flour mill at Chippewa during the Patriot war.

Army & Navy.

CHARLESTON NAVY YARD.—We get the following from the Boston Mercantile Journal: The new sloop of war Plymouth, will be ready for launching by the 1st of October. The ships of the line Vermont and Virginia, begun twenty years ago, remain in statu quo. The frigates Cumberland and Potomac are ready for their crews. The destination of the Potomac has not been designated. The Cumberland is ordered to the Mediterranean as the flag vessel of Com. Smith. The steam frigate Mississippi is lying in ordinary, with her masts all standing, as if in readiness for departure. The Boston sloop of war of twenty guns, lately returned from the East Indies, is refitting for sea. The sloops Marion and Preble, the brig Consort, and the ship Franklin are also there—the latter to be razeed. The Ohio receiving ship, Com. Downs, lies at her wharf, and the little brig Apprentice completes the naval force on this station. The Mercantile Journal, speaks of a steam engine in the work-shop as being so uniform that it has been made the motive power of a clock, affixed to the machine—and during the ten hours in which the machinery is daily in operation, the clock has seldom varied more than two minutes from the true time! Another is to be put up in the Smithery as a substitute for the old-fashioned bellows—working trip-hammer, &c.

FORTIFICATION ON THE PENOBSCOT.—Lieut. Stevens, says the Bangor (Me.) Whig, has succeeded in purchasing the site on Peirce's point, opposite Bucksport, at the Narrows, for the purpose of erecting fortifications. The works will be commenced in the spring.

MILITARY POST DESERTED.—The military post at Palatka, Florida, has been broken up and abandoned. The troops have arrived at St. Augustine, in the steamer Harney. Not more than eight or ten persons are now at Palatka.

☞ The company of U. S. Light Artillery, ordered to Rhode Island while the Dorric rebellion was in progress, have returned to their old quarters in Fort Hamilton, at the Narrows, L. I.

Educational

BROWN UNIVERSITY.—The first meeting of the Society of the Alumni of this University was held at Providence on Tuesday. An oration was delivered before the Society by the Hon. John Pitman. He spoke of the early history of the University, gave some sketches of its more distinguished graduates, and concluded with some appropriate reflections on the peculiar duties of educated men.

After the oration, which the Journal speaks of in high terms, the Alumni and their guests proceeded to dinner in Commons' Hall. The Hon. Tristam Burges presided at the dinner, which appears to have passed off very happily. The Rev. Mr. Hall replied to a toast in honor of Harvard University, which was spoken of as "our elder sister, whose children are welcome now and always." Mr. Hall at the close of his remarks gave:—"Harvard and Brown—Sisters whose children are not cousins but brothers."

KENYON COLLEGE, OHIO.—The commencement was held August 2. The graduating class were C. F. Lewis, George Thompson and Jesse McHenry.—The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Rev. R. S. Elder, Rev. J. S. Large, Rev. A. Sanford, and E. H. Cumming, Esq. The degree of L.L. D. was conferred on J. G. Swift, professor in Geneva College, and that of D. D. on Rev. J. T. Brooke, of Christ Church, Cincinnati.

☞ Dr. Jeffries Wyman, of Boston, has been appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Richmond, (Va.) Medical College.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—There were 44 graduates at Bowdoin College Commencement, at Brunswick, Maine, last week, besides 7 graduates of the Medical Department. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Prof. Charles B. Hadduck, of Dartmouth College, and of L.L. D. on Chief Justice Whitman, of Maine, Wm. G. Goddard, Esq of Rhode Island, and Hon. Nathan Weston, of Maine.

☞ Professor Elton has resigned his office as Professor of the Latin and Greek languages in Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. The department which he has so long distinguished, will be conducted by the assistant Professor, Mr. Boise.

Religious Intelligence.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17th.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Saint Paul's Church, Third below Walnut street. Church of the Ascension, Lombard above Eleventh street. Church of the Nativity, Spring Garden street, below Ridge Road. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

☞ Many strangers, in passing the building, have made an amusing error respecting the character of *Advent Church*, supposing, from its name that it is a *Second Advent or Millennial* congregation which worships in the Temperance Hall, N. L. It is hardly necessary to tell our readers that such is not the case. It is a Protestant Episcopal Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. J. Kerr, and the seats are free, morning and evening.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Sixth Church, Spruce above Fifth street. Ninth Church, Schuylkill Seventh and George's street. Northwest Sabbath School Room, Schuylkill Eighth and Willow street.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—Western Church corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth street. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

GERMAN REFORMED.—First Church, Race below Fourth street. Third Church, Filbert and Tenth street.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

MORAVIAN.—Church of the United Brethren, Race and Broad streets.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

MORMON.—Hall at Third and Willow street.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

Political Intelligence.

☞ Three of the Democratic members elect to Congress from Tennessee, are mechanics. Andrew Johnson is a tailor; J. W. Blackwell is a coppersmith; and G. W. Jones is a saddler. They are said to be men of fine talents, and rose to their present station by persevering industry and their own good characters, without the aid of influential friends.

BERKS COUNTY.—The following ticket was nominated by the Democracy of Berks county, on Saturday last:—Congress—John Ritter, editor of the Reading Eagle; Senate—Samuel Fegely; Assembly—John Potteiger, Henry W. Smith, Dr. Alfred Herman, Charles Leoan.

THE NEXT SPEAKER.—The Wetumpka (Ala.) Argus proposes the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis as a suitable person for Speaker of the next House of Representatives. He would, no doubt, fill the chair well.

☞ The National Intelligencer contradicts, on the authority of Senator Tallmadge himself, the rumor that he intended to resign his seat in the Senate, and remove to the West. He has no such intentions.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE, is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. Every number is embellished with a splendid engraving in mezzotint by Sartain—and contains 72 pages of matter carefully selected from the best English Periodicals. The work forms annually three elegantly embellished volumes of nearly 600 pages each.

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JAS. M. CAMPBELL,
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The August No. of the popular Foreign Monthly is embellished with two elegant engravings, in Sartain's best style, "The Wish" and "Lord Brougham." The contents are, as usual, rich and diversified and of the highest literary order. The September No. commences a New Series, and the Magazine is hereafter to be published semi-monthly. The first No. is superb. Everything about it, the engraving, representing the "Return of the Waters," the selections from European Journals, the typographical execution, even the vignette of the paper cover—every thing is in excellent style. The Foreign Monthly may justly be regarded as the Model Magazine of the day. *Protestant Banner.*

CHILLS AND FEVER, like all other Fevers, is caused by an accumulation of billious and corrupt humors in the blood, which impairs its energies and renders the circulation unequal; hence alternate fits of heat and cold, attended with headache, weakness, languor, pain in the bones, and many other distressing complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Chills and Fever; because they completely cleanse the body from those morbid humors which are the cause not only of all kinds of Fevers, but of every malady incident to man.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion and purify the blood, and therefore impart a vigor to the constitution, which enables it to resist any future attack of Chills and Fever.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits.*—The public are cautioned against the many spurious medicines, which, in order to deceive, are made, in outward appearance, closely to resemble the above wonderful Pills.

It should be remembered, *all genuine medicine has Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, neatly printed on the sides of the boxes, and that, *if the word Wright's* cannot be found, all is positively wrong.—

☞ *Observe.*—Purchase only of the advertised agents, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia, and be particular to ask for *Wright's* Indian Vegetable Pills.

HEALTH OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 9, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 2d to the 9th of September.

Diseases	Adults	Children	Diseases	Adults	Children
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	33	50
Apoplexy,	2	0	Gangrene,	0	1
Casualties,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	1
Cholera Infantum,	0	14	——Lungs,	1	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	12	3	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
Convulsions,	1	5	——Bowels,	2	2
Constipation,	1	0	——Peritoneum,	1	0
Cyanosis,	0	1	Inanition,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	3	8	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Dropsy,	0	1	Marasmus,	0	8
——Head,	0	6	Old Age,	2	0
Disease of Heart,	3	1	Palsy,	1	0
Drowned,	1	2	Scirrhus,	1	0
Dysentery,	1	1	Scrofula,	0	1
Epilepsy,	2	0	Still Born,	0	4
Fever, Bilious,	1	1	——Trachitis,	0	1
——Nervous,	2	0	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
——Puerperal,	1	0	Tetanus,	2	0
——Remittent,	2	0			
——Scarlet,	0	6	Total, 117—	44	73
Carried over,	33	50			

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, 3 from the country, and 6 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.

SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	3.	75	84	86
	4.	79	86	89
	5.	78	81	84
	6.	71	75	76
	7.	68	65	62
	8.	66	69	70
	9.	65	68	70

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
791 shares	Wilmington R. R.	16¾a20
377 do.	Girard Bank.	6¼a6½
382 do.	Mechanics Bank.	19½a20
301 do.	United States Bank.	4¾a5
285 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank.	18½a16½
208 do.	Vicksburg Bank.	2¾a3
70 do.	Louisville Bank.	81¼
67 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank.	33a34
50 do.	Schuylkill Navi. Co.	43
35 do.	Reading R R	18¼
30 do.	Trenton Banking Co	23
25 do.	Planters' Bank, Tenn	57
20 do.	Schuylkill Bank.	6¼
20 do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	86
21 do.	Pennsylvania Bank.	147½a148
8 do.	Commercial Bank, Ky.	10
7 do.	Penn Township Bank.	21¼
7 do.	Kentucky Bank.	65
5 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R	89¼
2 do.	Philadelphia Bank.	69
$14,900	State 5's, 1853,54,57,64a70.	56a57
$1185	State 6's, 1846, old annual.	64
$20,000	Tenn 5's.	81¼a82¼
$12,000	Reading R.R. Bonds, 6's, 1850, con'ble,	65a67
$22,914 34	Chesapeake and Del. Canal 6's.	37¼a38
$8000	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1855a58.	89a90
$5650	Schuylkill Navigation, 6's, 1842,44a58.	100
$1000	Cincin. Water Works Bonds.	91a91¼
$400	Lehigh 6's, 1853.	38
$525	Lehigh Mortgage Loan.	67¼
$1000	Kentucky Bonds, 6's.	97¼

Philadelphia Market.

The *Flour* market has been unusually languid, not a sale of importance has been reported. By some few houses this article is held at $4.62½, but as it can be purchased at $4.50, if not at a somewhat lower price, we do not quote higher than $4.50. Choice brands of extra family flour, on Broad street, in a retail way, $4.62½a4.75. No sales of corn meal are reported to us, but it is still held at $2.62½ and rye flour at $3, without sales. The sales of *Wheat* have been small; we have the following: 1200 bushels of Penna. red at 97 cts. 1000 bushels at 95 cts. and 500 of southern at 90 cts. Of rye, sales of 800 bushels southern at 53 cts. Penna 55 cents. *Corn*—Sales of small lots round yellow at 54 and 55, and of Delaware flat at 51a52. *Oats*—There have been sales of Delaware new at 23 to 24 cts, old southern 25a26 cts. do Penna. 28a30 cts; barley, Penna. 48a50 cts.

Cotton—Prices continue firm, and the market more active. About 500 or 600 bags have been sold, comprising about 200 Tennessee at 7¼ to 7¾, cash and credit, 150 do at 7¼ cash, a small lot of Georgia at 8 cents, 50 bales Mobile at 7¾a8 cents, 40 Charleston at 7¾, and 70 Mobile at a price not named. Cotton yarns advanced about 2 cts per lb.

Hay and Straw—New timothy readily commands 80a90 cts per cwt, do old, 90a$1, mixed 70a80 cents, meadow 75a80 cts, rye straw $4.50a5 per 100 bundles, do $3.50a4.

Wool—Prime Saxony 33a35 cts per lb. No. 1 28a32 cts, No. 2 25a28 cts, quarter and common 25 cts, superfine pulled 28a30c, No. 1 do, 25a27c.

Bark—Sales of 35 or 40 cords of chesnut oak, damaged, at $8¼, and good at $10. No sales of Quercitron, worth $23.

Lumber—Sales of 40 000 feet of white pine boards at $8½. A cargo of plastering lath at $1.30, and pickets 4 feet at $6.

Sugar—No sales except in small lots, principally stored for better prices.

American Cotton Goods have advanced somewhat.

Tobacco—20 hhds of leaf for exportation at 3 cts.

Molasses—Sale of a lot of Trinidad at 29 cts.

Flaxseed—Sales of 300 bushels at $1.49.

Coffee—Sales of 300 bags Rio at 8 cts.

Whiskey—Sale of 130 bbls at 26 cts.

Logwood—Sales of 15 tons at $21.

Plaster—A cargo at $2.31.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—872 beeves offered, including 85 from Indiana. 202 head were purchased for the New York market, 55 of the Indiana cattle were driven back to Chester county, the remainder sold for 3¼a4¼ for inferior to fair quality, and 4¼a5c for prime. a few extra were sold at 5¼. Cows and Calves—275 offered. Sales were made at $20a25, extra $30. Springers $12a15. Dry Cows $5a8. Calves $1.50a2.50 per head, 70 left over. Sheep and Lambs, 900 offered. Sales at $1.50a2.50, extra $2.75.

New York, Sept. 11.—At market 1050 beef cattle, 428 from the south, remainder east and west, 30 cows and calves, and 2250 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—The offerings this week were not so large as last; quotations $4.50a5, with a few extra at $6. Cows and Calves all sold at $16 to 25. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep $1.25 to 2.50, lambs $1.25 to 2.50. 150 left.

Brighton, (near Boston) Sept. 4.—At market 600 beef cattle, 120 stores, 30 cows and calves, 2800 sheep, and 400 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—A very small number of extra at $4¼a4½; first quality $4¼a4¼, second quality $3¾a4¼, third quality $3a3.50. Cows and Calves; sales at $13, 15, 19, 22 and 24. Sheep—Sales quick; lots were sold from 75c to $1.75. Swine 4¼a4¾.

Baltimore, Sept. 8.—Beef Cattle—The offerings at the yards on Monday exceeded somewhat 400 head, and about 360 were taken by the butchers, chiefly at $4.25 to 4.75 per 100 lbs, 80 were left unsold. We quote hogs $4.50, with a limited stock on hand, and prices tending upwards.

Richmond, Sept. 7.—For cattle on the hoof $4 to 4.50 are the general prices. Veals $2 to 6, according to quality. Mutton $1.50 to 2.50. Lambs from $1 to 2, according to quality.

Trade and Business.

New York, Sept. 13.—There is no change in cotton; the market is firm, the sales to-day amount to 1200 bales. Flour has improved; large purchases have been made for the eastern ports at $4.41a4.50 for Ohio and Michigan, and $4.56¼ for Genessee, at which all afloat has been taken; holders now ask $4.62½ for Genessee, and 4.87½ for Georgetown. 1000 bushels Illinois wheat sold at $1, and 800 bushels Virginia corn 53 cts. Rye is scarce and wanted at 52¼ cts. Oats 27a28¼. 150 bbls Ohio whiskey brought 23¼ cts. drudge casks are held at 24 cts. Ashes—We notice sales of 150 bbls of pots at $4.31¼. Pearls are dull, and we hear of no transactions of importance.

Charleston, Sept. 9.—Cotton—The receipts of the week are 834 bales, of which 8 bales are of the new crop. Sales at 6¼a8 cts per lb. 10 bags stained do sold at prices ranging from 5 to 9 cents per lb. Rice—The transactions in this article have been 14 tcs at 3¼, 47 at 3¼, and 75 at $2¾. Our quotations are a fair index of the market. Rough Rice—A sale of 800 bushels was made at 65 cts. 2000 bushels of the new crop have been received and sent to the mills. Grain—The market is well supplied with corn, and purchasers evince very little disposition to buy; 600 bush. Carolina flour sold at 56 cts; 80 bundles North River hay sold at 80 cts.

Cincinnati, Sept. 8.—Flour—3.60a3.81. Wheat, sales at 75 cts. Mess pork is held at $9, but there are more sellers than buyers, although the stock is light. There is but little of other descriptions of barrelled pork here, the nominal quotations for which are clear $10, prime $6a7, rump and chine $5.50a5. Uncanvassed hams are held at 4a5c, sides 3¼a4, shoulders 2¼a3. Canvassed hams are dull at 5a5¼, sugar cured and extra good qualities in fair demand at 7a8c. Lard held at 4a6 cts as in quality and quantity. Whiskey 17a17¼ cts.

Mobile, Sept. 2.—Cotton—Sales of the week estimated at 350 bales at very stiff prices. Middling may be quoted at 6¾a7c, the outside being the rate demanded by factors, who are quite firm. Stock on sale, exclusive of repacked cottons, about 700 bales. The total stock in port on Thursday evening, was 1128 bales. Total receipts of cotton from Sept. 1st, 1842, to 31st August, 1843, 482,000 bales.

At *Baltimore*, last week sales of city mills were made at $4.68¾ to 4.75, and Howard street the same; dealers taking Howard street at $4.62½. Susquehanna sells only in small lots at $1.75 for fresh ground. Grain—Wheat will not command over 95 to 98 cts. Maryland white corn sells at 48 to 49, and yellow at 50 cts. Oats 21 to 23 cts.

Georgetown, D. C. Sept. 9.—Flour—There are no sales of importance and no arrivals of the article, and $4.62 is as much we believe as could be had for good standard brands. Wheat has slightly declined, and sales for very prime reds at from 80 to 93 cts. white wheat of good quality will bring from 95 cts to $1.

Albany, Sept. 11.—The flour market is quiet to-day. We hear of sales of some 400 bbls Genessee fair brands at $4.31¼. We quote $3.31¼a4.37¼ for all brands. We note a sale of 2000 bushels Ohio corn at 52 cts. In other grains no change.

At *Richmond*, on the 7th instant, sales of canal flour were to a considerable extent at $4¼, though at the close of the week buyers refused to offer so much. Wheat 90 cts, corn 50c, oats 25c, whiskey 25 to 26.

At *Cleveland*, on the 4th, flour was nominal at $4, while buyers offered but $3¾, wheat 76 to 78, corn 34 cents.

At *Buffalo*, on the 5th inst., flour was selling in small parcels at $4, wheat 80c, corn 39 cts.

At *Chicago*, on the 1st instant, the arrivals of wheat were limited, and sold at 74 cts.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"THE AMERICAN BOZ!"

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE!

COMIC SKETCHES!

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No. 98 Chesnut street.

ALMANAC.

Sept. 1843.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
				D H M
16 SATURDAY,	5 51	6 9	7 39	
17 SUNDAY,	5 52	6 8	8 31	
18 MONDAY,	5 53	6 7	9 25	
19 TUESDAY,	5 55	6 5	10 20	First 1 12 21
20 WEDNES.	5 56	6 4	11 41	Full 8 1 58
21 THURSDAY,	5 57	6 3	12 9	L'st 16 6 17
22 FRIDAY,	5 59	6 1	12 55	New 23 5 58
23 SATURDAY,	6 0	6 0	1 41	First 30 9 19

Married,

On Wednesday, the 13th inst., by the Rev. H. J. Morton, SAMUEL M. WICKERSHAM, Esq. of Pittsburgh, Pa., to Miss ELIZABETH R., daughter of the late Joseph L. Oakford, of this city.

On the 20th of June, by the Rev. L. Scott, JAMES V. D. QUERREAU, to MARGARET BUCKWALTER, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. at St. John's Chapel, N. Y., by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, JOHN F. PURDY, to VIRGINIA W. TEACKLE.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. L. Scott, Mr. GEORGE PATTERSON, of Pottsville, to Miss LYDIA A. ADAMS, of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. PATRICK NORRIS, to Miss SARAH A. MARTIN, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. James H. McFarland, Mr. WM. WITSIL, to Miss SUSANNA WALTER, all of S. Garden.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Bibighaus, Mr. CHRISTOPHER P. DIETZ, to Miss CATHARINE BECK, both of the Northern Liberties.

At Brighton, England, July 29th, Rt. Hon. Lord ERSKINE, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Munich, in Bavaria, Germany, to ANN BOND, daughter of the late John Travis, Esq. of this city.

On the 30th of January, by the Rev. Mr. Atwood, Mr. W. R. THROCKMORTON, to Miss ELIZA BELL, daughter of James Bell, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Shelton, Lieut. J. W. MARTIN, U. S. A. to FRANCES CHARLOTTE, daughter of Capt. G. Truscott, of the British Navy, all of Buffalo.

On Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. B. R. Loxley, Mr. GEORGE McDERMOND, to Miss SARAH MONILLE, all of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. ALFRED TATEM, to Miss ISABELLA DAVISON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. O. Douglass, WM. P. DENNIS, to SARAH A. RATHIEN.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Barnes, JAS. CARPINGER, to ANNA M. DERRICKSON, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 4th inst. at Leiperville, by the Rev. W. L. McCalla, JAS. GREER, of Philadelphia, to M. A. BOYD, of Delaware county.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. C. J. Carter, AYMER THOMAS, to MARY C. KANE.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Orson Douglass, HENRY W. JEWELL, of Liverpool, to FRANCES M. HILES, of Southwark.

On the 7th inst. by the Right Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, J. STAPLETON BOSSALL, to SUSAN R. NEALE.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kennard, Mr. RICHARD J. NOWLAND, Printer, to Miss MARY E. WILE, of Spring Garden.

On the 3th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Douglass, Mr. WM. E. BIRD, Printer, to Miss MARY ANN WILLIAMS, of Moyamensing.

Died,

On the 13th inst. MARGARET, daughter of Mrs. Mary Haines, in the 8th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. JANE ORR, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 13th instant, MARGARET RODGERS, in the 92d year of her age.

On the 13th instant, of cholera infantum, EDGAR PALLETT, son of John T. and Isabella Piggott, aged twelve months.

On the 5th instant, HANNAH, daughter of George Riter.

Suddenly, on the 12th inst. JOHN, son of Stephen and Fanny Cochran, in the 7th year of his age.

At Montreal, Canada, on the 4th inst. CATHARINE S. MITCHELL, wife of the Rev. Caleb Strong, aged 26 years. Mrs. Strong was a native of Wetherfield, Conn.

At Salem, Mass., Hon. NATHANIEL WEST, of Indianapolis, Indiana, aged 55 years. Mr. West was a native of Salem, Mass., where his father still lives at an advanced age, one of our few surviving gentlemen of the old school. Mr. West was a graduate of Harvard University, of the class of 1807.

On the 11th inst. AMY WILKINS, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. O. M. EDWARDS, after a severe illness of two days.

On the 12th inst. JOHN McMULLIN, in the 78th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE SUMM, in the 51st year of her age.

At Maracaibo, S. A. in July last, of strangers' fever, Mr. GEORGE R. ROBINSON, of this city, in the 27th year of his age.

On the 10th instant, at the residence of her father, in West Philada., MARY H. infant daughter of Dr. Henry Pleasants.

On the 12th inst. PHILIP RUTTER, infant son of Philip S. and Mary Clawges.

On the 11th inst. ROBERT TAYLOR, infant son of R. Soutter, Jr. aged 13 months.

At his residence, near Holmesburg, Pa., on the 5th inst. JOSEPH SAUL, Sr. in the 67th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. JOHN LAMSBACH, in the 61st year of his age.

JOHN MITCHELL, infant son of the Rev. George and Elizabeth R. Lacey.

On the 11th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. MARY DONALDSON, widow of the late Capt. Andrew Donaldson, in the 71st year of her age.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY F. GALLAGHER, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. after a lingering illness, in the 55th year of her age, Mrs. ANN DUFFY.

On the 9th inst. Madame EMMA A. COUTEAU, in the 84th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. EMELINE, daughter of John Nicholson, aged 3 years.

On the 7th inst. ROBERT S. GUIER, aged 29 years.

On the 10th inst. AMANDA GRIFFITH, daughter of S. G. Cooper, aged 7 years.

In Burlington, on the 5th inst. ELIZABETH GALLAGHER, aged 99 years, 3 months and 9 days.

On Seventh-day evening, 9th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Samuel Jones.

In Tennessee, the Hon. Jas. C. MITCHELL, formerly a member of Congress from that State.

On the 8th inst. WM. H. ECKERT, son of John and Sarah Eckert.

On the 8th inst. Capt. JOHN TERRIS, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 7th instant, at Newark, N. J., Mrs. HANNAH HEDDEN, in the 74th year of her age.

In Jeffersonville, Indiana, on the 25th ult. Mr. CHAS. SAILOR, formerly of Mount Holly, N. J. aged 27 years, 9 months and 14 days.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 35 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, September 16th, 1843.

MAINE.	
Calias bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	-
City bk. Portland,	-
Damariscotta,	-
Mercantile bank,	-
Stillwater canal bk.	-
Bangor Com. bank,	-
Westbrook bank,	-
Citizens bank,	-
Globe bank,	-
Washington co.	-
Frankford bank,	-
All solvent banks	¼a½
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	¼a½
VERMONT	
Bank of St. Albans,	3
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	¼a½
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	¼a½
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks,	¼a½
NEW YORK	
New York City,	¼ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk. Seneca co.	50
Com bk. New York	2½
Lafayette bank,	-
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	-
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	-
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co	50
Com bk. Buffalo,	50
All solvent banks,	¾a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken
Wayne County bank,	
Mer. & Planters,	
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portadam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N Brunswick,	no sale
Hoboken bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	35 dis
Girard do	15 dis
Penna. do	par
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W Chest'r,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Lancaster co. bk	1½ dis
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Fa. bk. Lancaster	½ dis
Lebanon,	3½ dis
Exchange on New York, Boston, Baltimore,	½ dis a ½ prm
Specie,	par
City Relief Notes	2½ to 2¾ dis
Country relief notes	1½ to 2¾ dis

Harrisburg,	2½ dis
Middletown	2 dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	1 dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners bk at Potts.	3½ dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	3½ dis
Potts demand notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	88 dis
York,	2½ dis
Gettysburg,	2½ dis
Chambersburg,	1½ dis
Waynesburg,	4 dis
Brownsville,	2 dis
Erie,	4 dis
Berks county bank,	75 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co	40 dis
Lewistown,	2 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	30 dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickstown,	1 dis
Hagerstown,	1 dis
Westminster,	1 dis
Williamsport,	1 dis
Cumberland,	2 dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk	1 dis
Broken bks.	various prices
Balt. Ohio R R notes	10 dis
DELAWARE	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA	
Washington City,	dis
Georgetown,	dis
Far. & Mechanics	dis
Alexandria,	dis
Bank of Alexandria	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches,	dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	dis
Valley bk & branch,	dis
Ex. bk & branches,	dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling pos notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes	3
GEORGIA	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phoenix bk	-
Exchange bk.	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk of Mill	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Ruckersv. Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA	
All solvent banks	14 dis
Small notes,	16 dis
OHIO	
Cincinnati	2 dis
Bank notes,	2½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	62½ dis
KENTUCKY	
Notes,	2 dis
Small Notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	3
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
FLORIDA	
S'rn Life & Tr. Co.	-
CANADA	
Montreal	5

New Counterfeits.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Steubenville, Ohio. 100's spurious. Vignette, goddess of liberty and eagle. Head of Washington on the left end and Lafayette on right. Does not resemble the true bills.

Northern Bank of Kentucky, Lexington. 50's letter A. May 1st, 1843. Filling up well done. Paper thin and poor.—*Bick. Reporter.*

A GREAT ENTERPRISE!

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
A NEW VOLUME.
$400 IN PRIZE STORIES!!

A new volume of the United States Saturday Post, the sheet greatly beautified and improved with new type, cast expressly for the purpose, will be commenced ON SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH OF SEPTEMBER. In the new volume, it is the intention of the publishers, to show a degree of enterprise that must more than maintain the high character which the Post has enjoyed for more than twenty years. And all the competition which has existed during that period in the newspaper world, the Post has bravely maintained its ground as

THE LEADING FAMILY JOURNAL

of the Union. Its great circulation in every part of the United States; its established character in the public esteem, and the vigor with which it has always been conducted render it unnecessary to make large promises. Everything set forth in the prospectus will be rigidly adhered to. The means possessed by its proprietors are ample, and will be used to maintain its previous reputation. The united circulation of the periodicals issued by the proprietors, is greater by three fold, than that of any other establishment in America; and by a careful equalization of profits, they are enabled to publish cheaper and better works, and to realize a handsome return from small prices. In the literary department the strongest efforts will be put forth; and in addition to *several original American Novels from the pens of Herbert, Mancur, and others,* we shall increase the interest of the volume by

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And for this purpose we offer to the writers of our country, the following list of Prizes, which shall be faithfully adjudged by a competent Committee of literary gentlemen:

$150 For the best Story of the Revolution.
$100 For the best Domestic Story.
$75 For the next best do. do.
$50 For the next best do. do.
$25 For the next best do. do.

The prizes to be awarded, and the publishing of the stories to be commenced on the first of December next. All Manuscripts to be handed in by the 10th of November next.

As a good deal of distrust has been created in regard to the award of prizes of this kind, the publishers pledge themselves that the name of no writer shall go before the Committee, so that the articles shall be judged upon their merits alone. The name of the writer can be given in a private note to the publishers, and shall be confidential until the prizes are awarded.

THE NAMES OF THE PRIZE COMMITTEE

Will be announced before the first of November, and their high character as gentlemen of integrity and literary ability, will command the confidence of writers the Union over.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The editorial department will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman well known for his originality and humor, assisted by several gentlemen of high literary standing and ability, and will be conducted with a degree of vigor and spirit that must render the paper one of the very best ever issued in the country. The great size of the sheet will enable the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in cotemporary journals. The matter will in many respects be of a different quality. The design of the proprietors being to make a FIRST RATE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, in every particular, calculated to meet the wishes of the people from one end of the Union to the other. The following are the points to which they invite attention, as embracing the character of the sheet.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

The original articles and selections of the outside of the sheet, will be of the highest grade of light Literature; each number containing three or four chaste original and selected TALES, which, while they shall interest the young, shall at the same time point a moral. It will contain much good, and never any bad POETRY, and a copious compend of well-told Anecdote, Rich Humor, Pointed Wit, Just Satire, and Sentiment. Also the greatest variety of Original Tales, Sea Sketches, Biography, Essays, Poetry, Songs, Charades, besides the latest and best selections from the American and English Magazines, and all the other fountains of choice Original Literature. In fine, the Post, has been conceded everywhere to be the first newspaper in the country in the quality and quantity of its *Original Tales, Essays, Poetry, and articles on all subjects*—and this character shall be carefully preserved. From time to time, the columns will be as heretofore, devoted to the publication of

ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVELS,

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PUBLIC LECTURES.

A portion of its columns will be devoted during the Lecture Season to SCIENTIFIC LECTURES, correctly reported at length—a feature possessed by no other weekly paper. In its columns all the valuable Lectures of Professor Lyell on Geology, in this city, and the still more interesting ones of the justly celebrated Dr. Lardner, on various Scientific subjects have appeared. The great size of the paper also enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all reports and other public documents in full, together with occasional Congressional Speeches in full.

FARMING.

It is intended to make the paper one of great interest to the Farmer, by giving the reports of the different Aricultural Associations; the new inventions; late experiments in tilling, and able papers from every source entitled to confidence; so that the agricultural portion of the community will find in its columns, without entrenching upon other matter, all that is desirable to know, without the expense of a separate journal.

SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.

Spirited engravings, in illustration of the text of the Stories and Sketches published, will from time to time be given—and occasionally, *portraits of public men*, with a history of their lives, and of such events as may be of public concern.

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The sheet being of the mammoth size, measuring thirty inches by forty-four, and being printed on the finest and best finished type, the publishers are enabled to compress more matter into its columns than can be had elsewhere, and to note every event of interest at length.

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As a family newspaper it is believed that the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is not equalled by any weekly literary paper now existing. Nothing is admitted into its columns, calculated to raise a blush upon the cheek of the most pure, no article being allowed to appear, which a modest female should hesitate to read aloud in the family circle. It contains, moreover, a full and well digested account of every matter of news up to the hour of printing. This is a great desideratum to those who take only a single weekly paper, and one which means less extensive than those connected with this establishment cannot accomplish. The number of persons employed, and the steam power engaged in the publication of this paper, altogether surpass those of any other of a similar character.

In short, the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is considered, in all respects, superior to any of its class, while in price it is far *cheaper*. It is *ONLY TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR*, per single copy!

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As a means of compensation to Postmasters for their trouble as agents, or as an inducement for neighbors to combine, and thus save to the Publishers the cost of packing, directions, &c., the following additional advantages are held out:

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To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of Miss Bremer's or of Mrs. Ellis's novels.

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For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and both novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

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Office, 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th stories, Ledger Building, *STEAM PRESSES, MACHINERY, &c., Basement and 2nd and Fourth Stories,* S. W. corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philadelphia. sep 16 3t

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO the estate of MARY SHARPLESS, late of Philadelphia city, deceased, will please to make payment, and those having claims or demands are requested to make known the same to the undersigned, residing in Kingsessing Township, Philadelphia county, executor to said estate.
sep 16 6t* JNO. PASCHALL, Sr.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

TO TAILORS.—The subscriber avails himself of this opportunity to inform his patrons and others that this fall and winter plate of 1843 and 44 will be ready for delivery about the 20th instant. It is handsomely drawn, and colored, and contains 20 figures, representing all the most fashionable fall and winter dresses. There has been no expense spared in getting it up. The system of cutting will also be ready for delivery about the same time. It contains drafts of all the various drapery, among which will be seen a draft for a coat for the Hon. HENRY CLAY, the measure for whom was taken by the publisher as he was passing through the West this summer. There are various systems of superior quality, and also such measures on hand wholesale and retail. F. MAHAN,
sep 16 2t* No. 211 Chesnut street.

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mar 11 eow 6m*

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St.—The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.
ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.
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LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.
Office, No. 44 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House.
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Particular attention will be given to the Binding or rebinding the Books of Public or Private Libraries, Works of Engravings, Periodicals, Albums, Books for Presents, and every other variety of Job Work.

Book-sellers directed to D. W. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable. TERMS CASH. july 29 tf

Gems from the Poets.

VENICE.

BY LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

Morn on the Adriatic, every wave
As moved to light, and mirror the blue sky,
As if the ocean were another heaven;
Columns and towers, and frested pinnacle
Are white with sunshine; and the few soft shadows
Do but relieve the eye.
The morning time—
The summer time, how beautiful they are!
A buoyant spirit fills the waters! world,
And sheds its influence on humanity;
Man drinks his breath more lightly, and forgets
The weight of cares that made the night seem long.
How beautiful the summer, and the morn,
When spring-time first unfolds her green field,
Waking the singing birds, till every leaf
Vibrates with music; and the flowers unfold,
Brave and fragrant with the dewy sleep.
But here they only call to life and light
The fair wide waste of waters, and the walls
Of a proud city—yet how beautiful!
Not the calm beauty of a woodland world,
Fraught with sweet stillness and minstrel-dreams
But beauty which awakes the intellect
More than the feelings; that of power and mind—
Man's power, man's mind—for never city raised
A prouder or a fairer home than Venice.
The daughter and the mistress of the sea.
Far spread the ocean,—but it spread to bear
Her glories or its depths, for war or wealth;
And raised upon foundations, which have robbed
The waters of its birthright, stand her halls.
Now enter in her palaces: a world
Has paid its tribute to their luxury;
The harvest of the rose, on Syria's plains,
Prepared for Venice; from the Indian vales
The sandal-wood is brought to burn in Venice;
The ambergris that floats on eastern seas,
Spice, and cinnamon, and pearls that lie
Deep in the gulf of Ormos, are for Venice.
The Persian loom doth spread her silken floors,
And the clear gems from far Golconda's mines
Burn on the swanlike necks of her proud daughters—
For the fair wife of a Venetian noble
Doth often bear upon her lovely arm
The ransom of a kingdom. By the sword,
Drawn by the free and fearless, by the soul,
That can seize the sea for riches, which are power,
The state of Venice is upheld: she is
A Christian Tyre,—save that her sea girt gates
Do fear no enemy, and dread no fall.
Morn on the Adriatic, bright and glad!
And yet we are not joyful; there is here
A stranger influence than sweet Nature's joy
The scene hath its own sorrow, and the heart
Renders the lessons of mortality
Too gravely to be warmed by that delight
Born of the sun, and air, and morning prime
Pass on from the present as we stand
So much beneath the shadow of the past:
And here the past is mighty. Memory
Lies heavy on the atmosphere around;
There is the sea—for where now are the ships
That bore the wealth of Venice round the world?
Where are the men that brought home victory
And wealth from other nations? No glad prows
Break up the waters into sparkling foam;
Only one some sluggish fishing boats.
There are the palaces,—their marble fronts
Are gray and worn; and the rich furniture
Is stripped from the bare walls; or else the moth
Feeds on the velvet hangings. There they hang,—
The many pictures of the beautiful.
The tawny, the noble, who were once Venetians
But hourly doth the damp destroy their colors,
And Titian's hues are faded as the fire
From which he painted. With a downcast brow,
Drawing his dark robe round him, which no more
Hides rich silk or gems, walks the Venetian
Proud, with a melancholy pride which dwells
Only upon the glories of the dead;
And humble, with a bitter consciousness
Of present degradation.
These are the things that tame the pride of man!
The spectral writings on the wall of time,—
Warnings from the Invisible, to show
How transitory is all on earth below
Cities and nations, each are in their turn,
The mighty sacrifice which Time demands,
Nor offers up at the eternal throne,—
Signs of man's weakness, and man's vanity.

The Essayist.

THE GREAT BANK.

The oldest bank in the world, known before the technicalities of legal characters and enactments had given to that of which Hope is president, and Anticipation, Faith and Confidence, form the board of directors—the "Great Bank of the Future." It has been from time immemorial celebrated for lying promises, and the suspension of payments has been part of its management ever since it had a being. Its promissory are fair, and its payments, when it makes any, specious; but the word of its president, Hope, is not good for a halfpenny. Still, upon his guarantee, are all the great operations and small, in all the business and other relations of life undertaken. He is a rare fellow for forwarding business—that Hope, and at the bottom of all the speculations and bubbles flying. Singularly disinterested, he refuses no one a discount of promises, and the greater the exigence the greater his professed friendship. Attached to this bank, is the most hard hearted of all notaries, the Despair; and to the tender mercies of this inexcilies persecution, Hope turns over his customers; who, nevertheless, are ready for new discounts, even before the "protest" is cancelled. And Hope is never more lively and extravagant in his promises to the demand of his customers, than when the iron hand of the notary has almost crushed them.

"Despair is never quite Despair,
Save the poet—and nobody draws heavier than poets on the Bank of Futurity.

The young are deep on the promises of Hope, such is their capital—the foundation on which they base unlimited copartnerships intended to last a life time. The cold cautious of prudence, the whingers of distrust, the warnings of the experience of others, are all powerless beneath the magic wand of Hope, and universal promisser. In every reverse, at every new instance of the failure of his pledges, youth turns store on the bank which has so often deceived, and which promises none but to betray. Youth is the season of confidence. The world looks bright through the cheerful medium to which it is viewed; and the promises of Hope to young hearts are accepted without distrust, and embraced without reserve. What though the fortunes of the longer lived are but series of reverses—what though those who are nearing the end of the race in which youth has just commenced, are exhausted in strength, shattered in confidence, and ready to slip into the grave as a refuge from the maltreatment of those who wear pleasant face to the novice! He minds it not a whit, it can be declared to be an exception. He cannot be distressed like other men. His self-love secures him freedom from the faults or inefficiencies which have caused the failure of others; and his universal charity makes him ready to forgive the faults of the victim he treats of the world's treachery are but the malice of the disappointed. He will be as no other man has been, invulnerable to the clouds of misfortune. Misfortune is but the chastisement for the established course. By and bye experience teaches him better, and doubting whether what he sees he real, he finds himself at last where he thought he never could be, in utter so—indeed—the hollowness, apotheosis on the world's falsehood, at which he once scouted; he discovers that every one he meets has personal interests of his own, and that he is in a distinct and strangling unit. He turns to repeat his experience to the unsophisticated ones who are entering the world as fresh with Hope's lying promises as he was once himself, and he finds that as he laughed at others, he is laughed at.

He there is one way to escape much of this. It is to be a cash business with fortune. To trust the promises of Hope no farther than to be ready to receive their fulfilment without counting on it. To make certainty the only found upon which you draw. To set no faith in the promises of Hope, to be a certain fund which the old liar cannot break you by its withholding, and the actual receipts of which, when they come, are to be deposited against succeeding investments. Never appropriate contingent receipts, still in futurity, to offsets against certain demands. Any body, with a young imagination, may in such a way strike a balance in his favor; and any body who has lived long enough to know the world, may predict the almost certain disappointment of such a visionary calculation. If we now the wind we must reap the whirlwind.

H. H. W.

TOADYISM.

Modern fashionable society finds it convenient to have whimsical softened names for a number of things which good nature and the subdued tone of polite life forbidd to be spoken of in the plain open, used by our ancestors. The kind of person whom Horace and Juvenal would have described as a servile parasite, is now, therefore, delicately hinted at by the appellation of a toad-eater. An expression hold so to the origin of the term. A great personage, wishing to get quit of a troublesome hanger-on, caused a dish of toads to be served up one day instead of a dish of fish. The invention was ours, but the dependent knew too well the value of the connexion which he had established, to take the hint. He partook of the toads with all the appearance of relish, never letting it be presumed that he thought them anything but good solid food. Thereafter, any one who was content to live on the bounty of another, at the expense of a few occasional mouthfuls, was said to eat that person's toads—in fact, in short, a toad-eater. The story, it must be owned, made a good deal like some of the ancient fables which are told as to the origin of things; but however this may be, certainly for the last fifty years, the mean-spirited dependent of the great, who clings where he is hardly welcome, and endeavors to repay worthless favors by worthless obsequiousness, has been called a toad-eater.

Latterly, the word has undergone a softening process. Toad-eater sounded savagely, and overheated sufferers. It was therefore reduced to the more obscure and inoffensive form of toady—a term which serves quite as well where it is understood. But the sense of the word has at the same time been extended. It is now employed to describe all similar demonstrations of a cringing and worshipping spirit towards superior rank and station. It is to be observed, that the origin of the word itself has been attended with the advantage of allowing it to be used in various grammatical relations. Thus it is employed not only as a noun ("A toady," but also as an adjective ("Man James was very toady to Lady Tomfiddum,") and furthermore as a verb ("There Hugganns toady everybody.") Finally, the practice of applying emphatic appellation placed at the head of this article. Toady having in this way attained the dignity of a full-blown word, we may expect to see it introduced in the course of a few hundred years into the Dictionaries of the English language.

THERE is said to be a mule in Edgartown, Mass., who can repeat the entire bible commandments.

READING.

An eminent lawyer once remarked that after he "had read law, he thought he had twelve months to learning how to read."

This may appear strange to those who read novels, poems, plays and other ephemeral literary works; and that too, with a relished rapidity, for they merely glance over, taking the skim, which is as evanescent as the morning mist that is scattered by the warm rays of the rising sun. But to the hard student this fact is easy evident, that much time must be consumed in the outset in learning how to read. Many are lessons continuous with the plan of reading so many pages per day. Many read works on the particular profession which they are studying in the morning—miscellaneous works in the afternoon, and the same work at night as in the morning. This we believe to be a good plan, provided, however, they know how to read. In fact, any plan, if pursued with steadiness, will succeed better than a mere desultory course of reading.

Many, nay, the most of persons read rapidly—not pausing to consider whether the ideas or sentiments of the author are true to reason; but as they read along, they adopt the opinions of the author. This should not be so, for if those sentiments and opinions are remembered, it is by an exercise of memory entirely without judgment. He who would read with profit, must exercise his judgment; weigh well the words as he proceeds; does any part of the author's meaning appear obscure, he must reflect on the spirit of the author's writings, examine the context, and by it determine the exact meaning of the author. By this method the student enters into the spirit of the subject, and in a short time will be able to dispute in his own mind with the author. The mind is like the water in a steam boiler—it only requires the application of heat to generate the power which shall set the machine in motion. Books are the fuel; the mind itself must be the pure element from which, by the application of opinion, sentiments and experiences of past ages, and of cotemporaries exhibited in books, is produced that power which is mightier, yes, far more powerful than steam or any physical force; for by the application of mind to matter did those mighty forces yield to man, in whose body is enshrined the subtle principle that mighty element which rules and governs this world; for, of a surety, the most powerful principle in the universe is mind.

The Humorist.

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Post gives the following description of an incident at Faneuil Hall: "While my mind was riveted upon the picture of 'The Departure,' by Wier, my attention was arrested by a question from a young man who had seated himself by my side: 'Which is Columbus?' 'He does not appear on this picture,' said I; 'it is the Departure of the Pilgrims.' 'Oh! no,' said the young man, 'he does not; *he came over afterwards.*'"

☞ A celebrated Irish patriot, having, after a sharp contest, carried the election as a representative in parliament for the city of Dublin, was met a few days after by a lady, whose family was very warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidate. "Well, doctor," said she, "I fear, brother of mine, I offended you!" "Yes, Madam." "No wonder, all the blackguards voted for you." "No, Madame, your two sons did not," replied the doctor.

☞ A young fellow dropped in at one of our meetings a few evenings since, after being absent for some time, and while there, he copied a pretty girl with whom he used to be acquainted. When meeting was over, he stepped up to her and asked—"Shall I walk home with you, Miss——?" "Sir, I will ask my husband!" was the cool reply.—*Dedham Democrat.*

☞ A gentleman more remarkable for the excellence of his appetite than the brilliancy of his genius, remarked to his lady at the breakfast table, as he rubbed his forehead with a yawn, "I'm a strange animal to my head, this morning." "Perhaps, my dear," replied his better half, meekly, "you have an idea in it.

☞ Mason, the poet, was asked to subscribe to the poems of Ann Kearsley, the Bristol milk-maid. "The poems," said the gentleman applying, "of a hoyden genius in distress." Mason gave five guineas, with this reply:—"There are five pounds for her *distress*, and five shillings for her *hoyden genius.*"

☞ A Barrister, once dealing in pathos, before one of the High Courts of justice, was, or pretended to be, so overcome by his feelings, that he actually blubbered, and declared to the jury with great *fervor*, effect, that "like the crocodile, he must pull his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his eye!"

☞ The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating one of the elephants with a large club. A bystander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been flirting with the girl about the tent, *and he's big enough to know better.*"

☞ The following remarkably cool announcement appeared in a Paris paper, the other day:—"A widow, a foreigner, 30 years of age, and very rich, wishes to marry herself. Address (postage paid) Madame P——, Rue St. Honore, No. 460.

☞ A New York country paper in its notices to correspondents, says—"Slander came safe to hand, and will not appear in our next." Most of the newspapers have always a good stock on hand.

☞ A French dentist, failing, after several trials, to extract a lady's tooth, accounted for it by saying that "nothing bad could come out of her mouth."

☞ "Pat, you are a scoundrel!" said Bill to an Irishman. "Bill, you are a good fellow, and we are both liars," was the prompt reply.

Selected Articles.

THE SHUNAMITE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The story of the Shunamite is one of the most touching in Scripture, and as our friends show signs of liking to dwell on these pure sources of poetry, we offer them a strong sympathy with our own feelings, now as well as earlier—we give the picture as it was colored to our imagination, and transferred to verse:

It was a sultry day of summer time,
The sun pour'd down upon the parched grain
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves
Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the clouded flock were all
Laying their mantles to the cooling roots.
And the sky look'd like silver, and a sound
As of the air had fainted paralyzed.
Or nature had run down, and ceased to beat

Hasty there, my child!" the Syrian mother said
"Thy father is asleep!—and thou hast slept
Of the cool well under the leaning tree.
She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts
Of love's own gentleness gathering at her heart,
Bent blessed her beautiful boy, and to his way
Committed him. And he went lightly on
With his soft locks pushed back from the cool
Stone vessel, and his little naked feet
Lifted with watchful care, and o'er the hills,
And through the light green meadows, where the lambs
Go for the tender grass, he kept his way—
Wiling the distance with his simple thoughts—
Till at the wilderness of shade, he laid down
Throbbing with heat, he set his burthen down

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy
Stayed not within the shadow of the tree,
But with a joyous industry went forth
Into the reapers' places, and bound up
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
The plant with the out of the shining straw.
Then gathering them into one, he lay down
The heal and weariness of stooping toil
In the endless'd beginning of his sleep
Presently he was silent, and the eye
Closed as with dulcet pain, and with his hand
Pressed hard upon his forehead, and his breast
Heaving with the suppression of a cry
He utter'd a faint murmur, and fell back
Upon the bosom'd sheaf unmovable.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gaz'd in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye;
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learn'd
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—"He still
Has a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies.
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! Oh God!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Bringing the treasure all his winning ways—
His unforgotten countenance. Yes so still!
How like this breathless slumber is to death!
Cold! no! I know that it cannot be cold!
There is no pulse—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir, but his red lip!
Death would not let us see such beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left *that* there!
And should I not have fan (not he would die!
And have I not wept over him!—and prayed
Morning and night for him! and could he die!
No—God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come, and this fair hair
Will darken like his father's and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown!
And he will be tall, and I shall look long
With such a pride upon him! *He* is die!
And the fond mother lifted her head to gaze,
And smiled, as if (mere mockery) to think
That such fair things could perish. Suddenly
Her hand shrank from him, and the color fled
From her fair lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touch'd
His forehead as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
Came the misgiving that her child was dead
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and pressed it earnestly—
And put her lip to his—and look'd again
Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
She whispered in his ear, "My son! My son!"
And in the other dull ear, the ear of death
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there, still.
Motionless as her knee—the truth would come
And with a sharp, quick cry, she fell down by him
Were crush'd, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!

The man of God came forth and led the child
Unto his mother and went on his way.
And he was there—her beautiful—her own—
Living and smiling on her—with his arms
Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
The music of his gentle voice once more.

* See Kings: iv. 18-37.

WAVES OF THE SEA.

A MOTIVE POWER

An English publication says that this power, which has long been vaguely known to exist, but the idea of ever bringing it into use never appears to have been even thought of, is just now being brought under notice by T. A. Ender, who, by means of some very simple machinery, has made the alternating perpendicular motion of a ship, by the power of the waves, subservient to her horizontal motion through the water. The mode of the application of this power is thus described:

"To conceive how this power can be brought into action, it is necessary to know, that to whatever height a wave rises, it has no effect on the calm of the water below, further than at a depth equal to its height, and hence it is easy to render the power of waves efficient, by offering them a resistance; for the propulsion of a vessel, this resistance is obtained, by connecting a sort of platform placed beneath the surface of the waves with the vessel floating in them; at both ends of this platform, and brought up on each side of the vessel, are strong connecting rods, attached to arms working on an axis; to these arms are fixed ratchet wheels, working in toothed wheels, connected with the paddle, and at every pitch of the vessel the alternate perpendicular motion causes the paddle-wheels to revolve. This is the most simple application of this power, but, by a proper arrangement of requisite machinery, fly-wheel, &c., the motion of the vessel may be regulated so true as by the steam-engine, and by springs placed in proper parts of the two floating bodies, namely, the vessel and the platform—all disturbance may be remedied, and concussion rendered harmless. Mr. Ender calculates that twenty to thirty miles per hour can be easily and safely obtained by these means, and that, taking into consideration the duration of calms, there will always be an undulation of the sea, the average rate of velocity on long sea voyages may be estimated at from ten to twenty miles an hour. A perfectfully successful experiment has been made with a model, on a very simple mechanism, and a model is exhibited in the captains' room at Lloyd's for public inspection."

GRAND LODGE OF THE U. S.

An important session of this body is anticipated on the third Monday of the present month, to be held in the city of Baltimore, on which occasion much business will be brought before the members, the most prominent item of which will be a proposition for the revision of the work of the Order. On the same occasion, a new Hall, erected by the Baltimore Lodge at an expense of $40,000 will be dedicated with appropriate ceremony. The following description of this beautiful structure, we find in one of our Southern exchanges:

The building itself, which is to be consecrated as a temple devoted to Odd-fellowship, is truly a noble and magnificent structure, presenting an imposing edifice of fifty feet, with an elevation of four spacious stories, the whole surmounted with four beautiful octagon towers, crowned with granite spires, and the intervening spaces composed of the finest of the same material, tastefully and skilfully dressed, and if possible to present a still more ancient and imposing appearance to the eye, the windows will be of stained glass, representing the various emblems of Order. Of the interior of the building we can make no attempt at description, farther than to say that it contains four most spacious working Lodge rooms, a suit of apartments for the library attached to the Grand Lodge of the United States, with a complete fire-proof vault, built under his own immediate direction, sufficiently large to contain an edition of five thousand copies of the entire work of the Order, together with all the voluminous documents of the Office—four committee rooms, and a most splendid hall for the Grand Lodge of the United States, embracing the entire front of fifty feet, with a depth of eighty feet, and an elevation of twenty feet from the floor to the ceiling, with a gallery on three recording panels, the full length extending to a gallery capable of seating two hundred persons. The entire workmanship of this beautiful chamber is strictly of the Egyptian order, including the chair and furniture. The walls of this apartment when sufficiently dry it is contemplated to have painted in fresco.

Honor to Washington

N. Y. MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

The following is the circular of the Trustees of an association incorporated by the New York Legislature:

"WASHINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK."—At the last session of our State Legislature, an act of incorporation, under the above title, was passed, and the undersigned appointed trustees for the first year. The preparatory steps toward an organization, have been taken by the selection of John Trumbull, president; Robert H. Morris, vice president; Moses H. Grinnell, treasurer; and Nicholas Dean, secretary.

A monument in this city to the memory of George Washington has been too long neglected. The trustees do not suppose any work that the pride of the united world, could erect would increase the measure of his renown, or that any eulogy can be written adding lustre to a name, the mention of which is, to and will ever be, a very household word. Most of the virtues, and to the farthest confines of civilization, awakening sentiments, not of admiration only, but of reverence—but they hope to be able to wipe away the stain of ingratitude already fastened upon us.

More than forty years have elapsed since Washington died; two entire generations of men have passed away; and the commercial metropolis of a country which he so gloriously helped to free among the nations of the earth,—a metropolis containing more than three hundred thousand souls,—the centre of all the wealth of a vast territory—the point to which, all travellers on business, or pleasure, naturally tends, and which by foreigners is the first visited, and last seen,—*has not raised a stone, or inscribed a marble, to the memory of the "Father of his Country."*

The time has now arrived when the attempt will not only be made to accomplish the object, but perseveringly, and we trust successfully, pursued. It is believed that all the funds necessary can be raised by voluntary contributions, and if those hitherto pledged by our own citizens prove insufficient, the trustees have great confidence that an appeal made to the State, or to the entire Union, would be liberally answered.

It may be objected that the present is an unfortunate period in which to attempt any work, depending solely for success upon the free will offerings of the people; that business is depressed, industry unemployed and enterprise paralyzed. But are not these intervening advantages found in the abundance of capital, the unprecedented cheapness of labor and materials, and the beneficial employment it will afford to the distressed industry of this country, in its various occupations and useful pursuits?

The trustees hope that no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the faithful appropriation of all the money coming into their hands. Their own services are wholly gratuitous, and they will be careful so to limit all their preliminary expenses that, in the possible event of failure, the money received from the donors can be wholly, or with a very small deduction only, returned to the donors.

In a brief period, proper persons will be selected to ask the aid of our citizens. These persons will be furnished with conclusive proof of their several appointments—will be held to the most rigid accountability—and every possible check devised to secure the honest and faithful discharge of their duties.

The board will, from time to time, communicate to the public all needful information of the progress made in this great work.

John Trumbull,	James Tallmadge,
Stephen Allen,	Nicholas Dean,
Moses H. Grinnell,	Don Alonzo Cushman,
Robert H. Morris,	Edward D. West,
William W. Fox,	Charles W. Sandford,
Peter Cooper,	Henry T. Kiersted,
John W. Francis,	*Trustees.*

New York, *September 5, 1843.*

THOMAS CARLYLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

The 28th of June, 1778, was a great and memorable day in the Kalends of the infant American Republic. For wise and good reasons the English Army left Philadelphia, with a train of baggage twelve miles long, for New York. The latter city was held during the whole Liberty war, this contest between the mother and daughter, by the unnatural mother. Washington left his hute at Valley Forge, and in imitation of the Roman Consul who opposed Asdrubal, made a bloody effort to prevent the junction of the armies of his enemy. He laid his suffering soldiers towards the sea shore. He sought his enemy and met him on the sandy plains of Monmouth. Washington wide winged, Clinton and Cornwallis wide winged at, and around the village of Freehold and Englishtown; and fire hail is whistling far and wide upon those burning plains, the great guns playing and the small, both vomiting fire and death. And Gen. Lee is swept back on this wing and on that, and is like to be swept back utterly, when Washington arrives in person and speaks a word or two. "Stand fast," says the Hero, "stand fast my boys, for the Virginia and Maryland line will soon come to your relief." The hearts of the American soldiers leaped at the sound of their beloved, and, as they thought invincible Chief, and the armed mercenaries of a monarch, fell in units, tens and hundreds beneath the republican fire.

Washington on his death defying old and faithful white horse galloped along the line, he waved his sword and cheered on his men in the death struggle. The fierce provincials wrestle with their oppressors, they meet the soldiers of the mother country, hand to hand, they close with them at weapon's point. It was a bloody conjunction, or rather a conjugation of carnage, the battle of Monmouth. Men of kindred blood, speaking the same noble language, met in the death grapple. It was indeed a bloody conjugation. It was, I tell, thou kill, he kills, we kill, you kill, they kill. But death had other weapons of destruction. The hot fire of heaven, and the heat in the Boreal Crab, the men were fighting by Fahrenheit's thermometer, in the heat of 96°. Many of the combatants bit the dust and died unscathed by sabre or shot. If Washington was Fabius, on Oct. 1776 at the White Plains, he was Marcellus at Monmouth. The honors of the day remained with him, for his enemy retreated in the night.

No FACT better illustrates the progress of the United States than this:—In 1790 the revenue from the general post office was $37,935—in 1840, $4,572,313.

Choice Selections.

FLOWERS WILL NOT ALWAYS BLOOM.

BY MRS. J. W. MERCUR.

Flowers will not always bloom,
The brightest one that gild our pathway now;
May fade and die ere noon—
Will shed its own bright lustre o'er the brow.

Youth, too, will pass away,
And leave no record on the brow of Time
The Beautiful decay,
And life's calm blessings be no longer thine.

Stern Manhood's brow will fade;
The brilliant darkness of the eye grow dim;
And in the tomb be laid,
Life's choicest blessings, yielded back to Him

Pleasures will pass away,
Swiftly as Time doth ever outward glide—
As Autumn leaves decay—
As streams rush onward to the ocean's side.

And life is but a span—
A few brief days of joyfulness and of pain—
The man, high-hoping man;
Thy doom is written—dust to dust again.

Fame's laurel wreath will fade,
Its leaves soon wither, droop and pass away,
As all Life's joys were made
To spring up brightly, then to know decay.

The conqueror's path will fade,
As glory leaves the warrior's name behind;
And flowers that in it bind,
Lie far discovered by the raging wind.

Prayer on life ear will fall,
And send no thrill of pleasure in the heart,
And Life's bright gifts will all,
All cease to gladden, ere with life we part.

Ay, Life's bright gifts are brief—
Brief as the mists which veil the morning sun;
And ere we turn the leaf,
Which Age unveils, their glories all are done

Flowers will not always bloom,
The brightest ones that gild our pathway now
May fade and die ere noon
Will shed its own bright lustre o'er the brow.

Tribune.

CHINESE RULES OF CONDUCT.

We find in a number of the Canton Register, the following advice to married folks in China. The advice is good, and may answer for other places, besides China:

Let a woman who discovers her husband's blind side, make use of it to render herself his mistress, and to govern him; let her contest every point, and upon the least consideration assume the open ruptage; let the husband on his part submit to the yoke and not dare to breathe; both the one and the other will soon become the talk and laughter of the public. If you let your reputation be trampled on the side, the evil is almost irretrievable. The water once spilt cannot be gathered up again into the vessel.

If your husband neglect the duties either of his charge or station, endeavour to reclaim him; but let it by soft and insinuating means, by tender exhortations, and by the recital of certain examples capable of striking him. Behave to him with all the decorum you would to a guest; with that respectful confidence you would to a friend.

You are under a necessity of living always with your husband, and consequently of acquiring patience. Learn then to bridle your natural disposition, and lay a restraint upon your inclinations. You make both but one family, have then both of you, but one heart. If you are united only from the teeth outwards only in appearance and grimace, while in the bottom of the soul you nourish a secret discontent; it is to fret yourself to no purpose, and to render your life truly miserable.

Yet I grant you, I cannot you become insensible or motionless, like a statue; there is an activity and attention necessary to regulate the current business of your house. Your children which are of tender age, demand in particular, much of your care. Suffer them not to follow their caprices, not to take more nourishment than their stomachs can well digest, shelter them from the great heats of the season, remove them out of the reach of any thing which may hurt them; in such an case, whether, fire, knives, elevated places whence they may fall down, any thing hard against which they may bruise themselves; but above all, forbid them the use of ill dressed victuals, and of green and unripe fruit. These are for tender infants the sorts of deadly poison.

Your domestics ought to have a share of your attention: let them find no want of food and raiment. If they are stupid, negligent, or ashward, sometimes take no notice of their failings, and seem as if you did not perceive them; pardon them many lesser faults, especially when they mean well. Instruct them with gentleness; and consider that if they had great abilities, they would not be endeared so sure you.

THINK NOT FORGETFULNESS IS MINE.

FROM "THE WIFE OF LEON."

Think not forgetfulness is mine,
Though silent as the tongue;
Which late before a lighted shrine
Its burning worship flung.
Think not the spirit hath passed away
That bound my soul to thee,
Oh, early love! when gentle ray
Was a world's witchery.

To me thy memory comes back
When dreams are on my brain!
And off thy low and sighing voice
Rings on my ear again
A requiem low of hope and truth,
Its dirge-like accents swell,
Alas! thou shining star of youth,
I loved thee all too well.

Earth's pleasures have many garlands yet,
Thou springest from strength and grace;
But the soul where reggie regret,
Those blooms untouch'd will leave.
There is no beauty in the wreath
Whose rarest flowers be dead!
There is no joy in life and breath
When truth and hope have fled.

Oh Love! the early and the lost,
Why should I dream of thee!
Why should my soul, with memories tous'd,
Swell, as a thinking wave!
Why should one form my brain pursue—
One dream be on my heart!
All name love is sunk in death here,
Should with my love depart.

LLOYD'S.

"Lloyd's" is a term of very common use in commercial language, but at the same time one with which few people are acquainted. The following notice respecting it is to be found in Walker's *Encyclopedia of Commerce*:—"Lloyd's, the name of a subscription coffee-house in London, celebrated on account of its being the office of the Society of Underwriters. Few or no commercial institutions of Britain have excited in a higher degree the admiration of intelligent foreigners. 'The establishment of insurances at Lloyd's,' says Baron Dupin, 'has rendered signal services to the commerce of the British empire and to that of other states. The society has agents in most of the principal ports of all the parts of the world; makes public the events, both commercial and maritime, which it learns through their means; and transmits the intelligence by the public with a confidence which nothing for more than a century has tended to destroy.' 'At Lloyd's,' says Von Raumer, 'close to the dial which tells the hour, is one still more interesting into, which tells the direction of the wind, and is connected with the weathercock on the roof. Intelligence of the arrivals and departure of ships—of the existence and fate of vessels in all parts of the world—reports from consuls and commissioners resident in every foreign town—newspapers from all quarters of the world—have to be found, arranged in such perfect and convenient order, that the entire actual state of the commercial world may be seen in a few minutes, and any of the consulates which have to do with this country may be followed out with more or less minuteness. The whole earth, or the whole commercial machinery of the earth, appeared to me to be placed in the hands of the directors of Lloyd's coffee-house.' For many years, a committee of gentlemen connected with Lloyd's has superintended a registry of the qualifications of ships, which, upon the reports made of them by surveyors, are ranked in different classes, and a preference given in employment and insurance, according to the place assigned to them. First-class ships comprise all which have not passed a prescribed age, provided they are kept in a state of complete repair and efficiency, and are classed designated by the letter A. Second-class ships comprise all found on survey unfit for carrying dry cargoes, but perfectly fit for the conveyance to and from all parts of the world of cargoes not in their nature subject to sea damage; and they are designated by the letter E. Third-class ships comprise those in good condition, and found on survey fit for the conveyance on short voyages (not out of Europe) of cargoes in their nature not subject to sea damage; and they are designated by the letter I."

A LYRIC FOR LOVERS.

Love launched a gallant little craft,
Complete with every rope;
In golden words was prepared aft—
"The Cupid, Captain Hope."
Pleasure was rated second-mate,
And Peacock made to steer—
The guns were handed o'er to Fate,
To impelse sailing gear.

Merrily rolled the thoughtless crew
Amidst the billows' strife,
But soon a sail here down—all knew
"Twas Captain Reason's—Life
And Pleasure left, though Passion said
He'd guard her safe from all harms
"Twas vain; for Fate rammed home the lead
While Love prepared the small arms.

A storm arose! The canvas now
Escaped from impulses hand,
While laughing Passion dashed the prow
Forth on a rocky strand.
"All's lost!" each trembling sailor cried;
"But Captain Hope—alas!
But in his life-boat Reason had
To save the silly crew.

Impulse the torrents overwhelm
But Pleasure escaped from wreck
Love, making Reason take the helm
Chained Passion to the deck
"I thought you were my foe—but now,"
Said Love, "we'll sail together;
Reason, henceforth through life shall thou
My pilot be forever."

IN AUSTRIA, infants when one year old are tied to a pillow with broad tapes to keep them quiet, and their mouths are constantly stuffed with a piece of sour bread in a rag. The latter foul mode of closing a noisy mouth is practised by some of our own nurses.

DR. JOHNSON.—On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fantastical* of rose-coloured satin, the arms and legs of which—of the chair, remember, not of the Doctor—were of burnished gold; and the contrast of the man with the seat was very striking; an uncouth coal-heaver in a *drab-suit* could not be more misplaced than Johnson thus deposited. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown cloth *dittos* with black worsted stockings. His old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions; and the learned head which sustained it rolled about in a seemingly paralytic motion; but, in the performance of its orbit, it inclined chiefly to one shoulder, whether to the right or left, I cannot now remember—a fault never to be forgiven by certain of the *Tiraddilers*, who think these matters of the utmost importance. He designed not to rise on our entrance, and we stood before him, while he and my father talked. There was seen a pause in the colloquy of my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said, "Dr. Johnson, this is a little Coleman." The Doctor bestowed a slight vengeance glance upon me, and, continuing the rotatory motion of his head, resumed his previous conversation. Again there was a pause, again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing a recognition of his progeny, with, "This is my son, Dr. Johnson." The great man's attention was now fully roused to wrath; and knitting his brows, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "I see him, sir!" He then fell back in his rose-coloured seat *fantastical*, as if giving himself up to meditation; implying that he had not be further plagued either with an old fool or a young one.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.—An amusing letter has been published, written by Jefferson to a friend of his, formerly Governor of New Hampshire, which relates to the European monarchs of his acquaintance, and speaks freely of them, as the following passage may show:

"Louis XVI. was a fool to my own knowledge, and in spite of the speeches made for him at his trial. The King of Spain is a fool; so is Naples the same. They passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two couriers a week one thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the preceding day. The Queen of Portugal is a fool. All those were Bourbons. The Queen of Portugal, a Braganza, was an idiot by nature. And so was the King of Denmark. Their sons, as regents, exercised the powers of Government. The King of Prussia, successor to the Great Frederick, was a mere hog in body as well as mind. Gustavus of Sweden, and Joseph of Austria were really crazy, and George of England, you know, was in a straight waistcoat.

"There remained, then, none but old Catharine, who had been too lately picked up to have lost her common sense. In this state, Bonaparte found Europe, and it was this state of its rulers which lost it with science a struggle. These animals had become without a mind and powerless; and so will every hereditary monarchy be after a few generations. Alexander, the grandson of Catharine, is yet an exception to the general character of the kings, in his own time, but he is the only one. His race is not yet worn out. And so endeth the Book of Kings; from all of which the Lord deliver us."

M. GUATIER D'ARC, French consul general in Egypt, who died recently at Barcelona, on his way from Alexandria to France, was a lineal descendant of the Maid of Orleans, and inherited her patriotism, loyalty, and who accompanied her in all her campaigns. He filled with distinction, at different periods, the consulates at Naples, Athens, Valencia and Barcelona. At Barcelona, especially, in the midst of political troubles the most serious, he deported himself with a degree of coolness, courage, and firmness, whenever occasion called for his interposition in behalf of his fellow-country-men, to act in the name of humanity, or to maintain the dignity of France and assert the honor of its flag, that won for him the gratitude of his country. He was held in high esteem at Alexandria, where he had resided two years. His profound knowledge of Eastern languages peculiarly fitted him to occupy that important station. For many years at Paris he had been secretary of the school of living oriental languages, for the Arabic, Turkish and Persian with great facility. A published volume of his poems contains several excellent imitations of some of the most graceful compositions of Hafis. He was the last inheritor of the glorious name he bore.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF ACCIDENTAL RECOMMITION occurred, according to the "Edinburgh Chronicle," in North Britain, in 1793. Mrs. Crom, of Covent Garden theatre, was, in that year, acting in Glasgow, and on one occasion the Provost being present, the lady had no sooner made her appearance on the stage, than the agitated functionary exclaimed, "Stop—stop the play! I would speak with that woman!" Great was the consternation throughout the auditory at this highly irregular mandate, and the curtain being immediately lowered, the astonished Provost made his way at once into the actress's dressing room. After a few hurried words, he discovered her to be his own wife, from whom he had been separated for nearly twenty years, and who he had long since other dead! The magistrate, hereupon, bore off the lady, arm in arm, to his own house, and the next evening she took her place in front of the theatre, among the spectators, where she was greeted with much a heroine as when sustaining the woes of *Calista* herself.

STATISTICS OF LUCIFER MATCHES.—One of the witnesses before the Children's Employment Commission stated that he is a maker of the boxes for containing the very small matches. He said he prepared wood, of which he makes them, he is in the habit of paying the large sum of £1000 a year. According to his belief, from 12,000 to 15,000 gross of such boxes are